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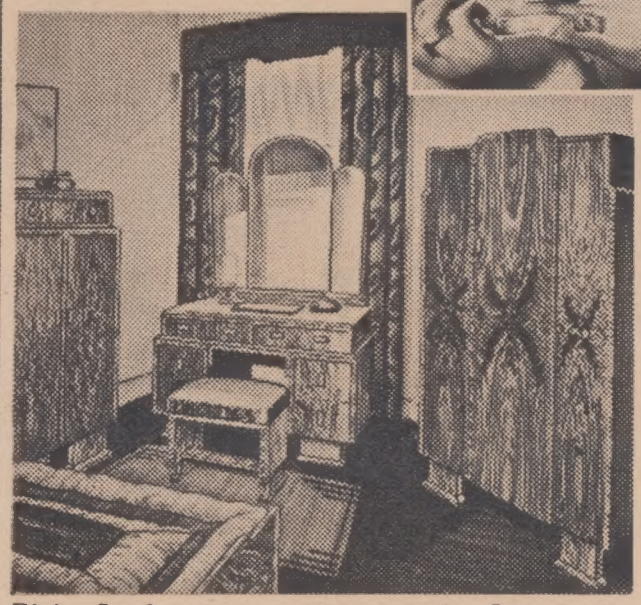

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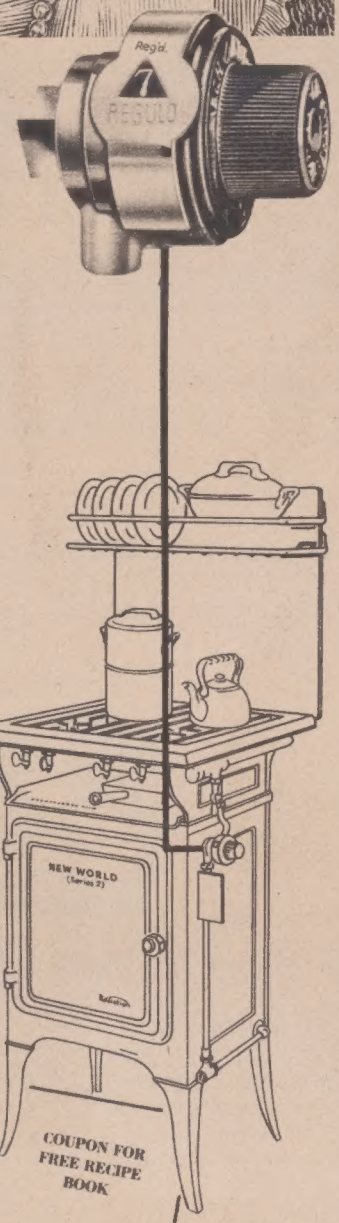

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THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

ROAD UP!

by Oscar E. Millard

who has investigated the High Finance of digging up our Highway

THE townsman's favourite lunch-hour entertainment is now in full swing. Road Up signs have sprouted on macadamed by-passes, pneumatic drills are drowning the song of the thrush in the hedgerow and shattering the nerves of strong men at their desks.

"Why do these devils choose the summer to relay roads they have been digging all winter?" motorists have been heard to ask no one in particular with great feeling and a wealth of expletives when, having been held up by a succession of red lights and laggard crossers, they find themselves behind a red flag and a "Road Up" notice.

It may seem typical of the perversity of officialdom that the months when traffic reaches its peak should be chosen to reduce the already inadequate road space by half, turning congestion into chaos. It is not perversity. It is a question of time and money—your time and the local authorities' money.

It costs more to do road repairs in winter because the work is held up by weather. It is impossible to work with concrete when there is frost; and since most modern roads have concrete foundations it is the rule that all large-scale highway repairs be done during the spring and summer months. Motorists can wait!

You will say we do nothing but wait. All the year round the roads are up somewhere. But that is rarely the fault of the local authorities; it is the people known as the "underground-users," gas companies, water boards, the electricity concerns and the G.P.O. who are responsible.

One of the bitterest anomalies in our highway legislation is that the "underground user" is the only user for whom the King's Highway is still free in the widest possible sense. Not only does he pay no tax for using it but also he can do what he likes both on it and under it.

Let a motorist leave his car for more than the regulation period in a quiet side street for the use and upkeep of which he pays dearly, and he is fined for "obstruction." Let a water board choose to dig a trench right across the busiest thoroughfare in the British Empire at its busiest hour and no one can forbid it. Indeed, a policeman will be sent to shoo off motorists, and although that trench will probably do more harm to the road than a fleet of 10-ton lorries no word of protest will be sent to the water board as long as it pays for the hole to be filled in.

Before an "extraordinary load" may be carried over a road, the haulier has to give due notice, obtain permission from the various local authorities along his proposed route, and undertake to "indemnify corporations in respect of any damage caused to any road or bridge by reason of the construction of the vehicles or the weights transmitted to the road surface not being in accordance with the requirements of the 1931 regulations." The "underground user" is required to make no such undertaking and need give no notice at all.

This state of affairs is the legacy of our forefathers, whose vision was as narrow as their views on their neighbour's morals. When, despite furious outcries of our rustic-minded ancestors, stage coaches were finally driven off the roads by the railways, the public, going from one extreme to another, decided that roads had had their day. Parishes, left to do what they liked about keeping them in repair, did nothing. Since farm vehicles required no more than ruts, and nothing else would ever use the roads again, ruts they were allowed to become.

This view was held not only by the parish pundits but also by the government of the time, so it was natural that when the public utility companies asked for powers to lay mains under the roads, a number of acts giving them almost dictatorial powers were passed without quibble or question. Roads assumed a new and useful purpose; they became things to lay mains under.

The sound of the drill is heard throughout the land again; right, in the tunnel of cables under London's embankment.

These acts, passed in the middle of the nineteenth century, giving public utility companies the right to dig up roads when and how they liked provided only that they fill in the holes after use, are still in force. And our best arterial roads are still just things to lay mains under.

Soon after our first great arterial road was opened a few years ago it was found necessary to lay a new cable across a whole county.

So the engineers, by grace of the statutory powers granted in an age when the only arterial roads were Roman remnants used as cart tracks, tore up the newly laid concrete for seventy miles, thereby permanently weakening a surface laid to last two decades.

So strong was the conviction that trunk roads were heaven-sent routes for laying mains under, that when motor cars began to appear, foreshadowing a revival of road transport, they were looked upon as usurpers—a veritable menace to the rights of the "underground user." Hence the partiality of much of the legislation governing the two users, protecting the underground user, who pays nothing, far more than the surface-user, who does nothing but pay.

There is more behind a "Road Up" sign than meets the eye. A few feet below the roads of England are pipes

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing

ROAD UP!

and cables, entangled together like lug-worms in a fisherman's bait box, carrying enough water to flood a city, enough gas to blow it sky high, and more than enough electric power to electrocute the entire population of the British Isles.

There are 2,292 miles of road in the metropolis. Underneath there are 7,519 miles of water main, 8,610 miles of gas main, and countless thousands of miles of electric light and power cables. Winding under the crust of England the G.P.O. has more than ten million miles of telephone wire.

Under West Strand there are more than sixty lines of mains and cables. Underground congestion is so great in some places that trenches have to be dug to a depth of twenty feet before room can be found. When the navvies reach the gas mains under the road near the Westminster Hospital they can hear the roar of the tube trains a few inches under their feet. According to the chief engineer of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, "how the demands of the future are to be met is a disquieting problem. On new roads with a 50 ft. carriageway it is difficult to allot the requisite accommodation for underground services."

Remember, all these underground services, every main and every cable, laid under a road has to be dug up at some time or another. When you come to work out the cost of these upheavals you discover the sort of situation that would have inspired Lewis Carroll to write a second masterpiece entitled "Alice in Underland."

I worked out some figures for one little hole in Fleet Street. Last summer Fleet Street was relayed at a cost of £5,000. Two hundred giant British Columbian pines cut up into 350,000 blocks were laid down to carry the traffic of the city's main artery. But before the concrete bed had set hard and the tar dried on the new blocks it was discovered that one of the water mains needed attention. And before our nerves had recovered from the shattering of the pneumatic drills, our heads and the new concrete road bed were being split again.

Well, just look what that one little hole cost. The traffic census taken on a dull day in July, 1932, showed that 3,000 vans, 6,500 buses and 20,000 cars passed through Fleet Street in twelve hours. Transport experts put the "time-value" of a 30-cwt. van at three shillings an hour.

Assuming that the delay caused by that hole amounted to only ten minutes in twelve hours (which is probably an under-estimate) the time-value of the vans was £75. Now, putting the average bus-load during the twelve hours at thirty people whose average wage is five pounds a week, the time-value lost by the ten minutes delay was £3,250.

Finally, estimating the average income of the car-owners at £750 a year and assuming there was only one person in each of the 20,000 cars, the time-value lost was £1,000. Adding that up we find that the total time-value lost per day was £4,325. The hole was there five days, which means £21,625. To this must be added the cost of petrol and oil. If each vehicle wastes only three pennyworth of oil through ten minutes idling that makes £365 15s.—or £1,843 15s. for five days.

Now, the cost of digging trenches in roads varies considerably, but it is usually higher than for relaying them, and in the case of a newly-laid concrete bed it would amount to at least double. It costs about thirty-five shillings a square yard to lay Fleet Street, so assuming that the Water Board's trench was only two square yards in extent it cost them about £10 and another £5 to fill in.

So we have :—

	£	s.
Cost of relaying Fleet Street ...	5,000	0
Cost of digging up 2 sq. yds. of Fleet Street	10	0
Cost of relaying ditto	5	0
Value of time lost through digging ditto	21,625	0
Cost of petrol and oil wasted ...	1,843	15
	£23,483	15

Thus one little hole cost the community more than four times the value of the surface of the whole street.

"Lunch hour entertainment at its best;" below, at the foot of Manchester's deepest man-hole.

Actually these figures vastly under-estimate the real cost. For a Scotland Yard official told me that an obstruction at a junction like that causes delays in all roads within a radius of at least one mile. Thus the aggregate time-value lost was probably nearer two hours a day than ten minutes. To this must be added the loss in takings on buses, wasted petrol and loss to shopkeepers, and the fact that the road at this point is permanently weakened and will require to be relayed sooner than would otherwise be necessary. You may have noticed that wood-blocks are only laid in busy streets. That is because they wear longest where the traffic is heaviest; it is road upheavals, not road traffic that ruins a wood-block surface.

Arithmetic not being my strongest point, those figures, conservative though they are, gave me a shock, and, bearing in mind that this is going on every day all the year round in every thoroughfare in the British Isles, I began to wonder whether I had slipped up. But I was reassured when Mr. Rees Jeffreys, Chairman of the Roads Improvements Association, told me that the loss sustained by traffic delays ran into several millions a year.

"This loss falls on the travelling public," he said. "Congestion caused by a trifling excavation at one spot may rapidly spread to neighbouring streets and involve thousands of vehicles in loss of time. The loss of time resulting from the complete closing of major thoroughfares is incalculable."

A Gas Light and Coke Company official added that the digging up and filling in of holes in roads costs them nearly a million a year. "Though the public in general and motorists in particular seem to imagine we dig holes for fun," he said, "we actually do as little as possible, and when we can take advantage of someone else's hole we willingly forego the privilege of digging one for ourselves."

It is the practice, I was told, for the local authority to give the companies due warning when a road is to be repaired so that they can carry out any inspections or renewals to their mains. In a town like Sheffield, with 459 miles of roads and streets, an average of 1,122 notices are served annually on underground users giving them warning that a road is to be repaired. Notwithstanding these opportunities of main repairing, the average number of trenches dug by the public utility companies has exceeded 12,000 a year—32 holes every day, or one hole every 66 yards!

That is in Sheffield. They have lost count in London, where underground services are far more congested, but there is probably not a square yard of the 2,292 miles of London's roads that has not been dug up and relayed forty or fifty times in the past century.

In a small borough like Holborn, with only 25 miles of roads, an average of £5,000 a year is spent (and refunded by the companies) in filling in trenches dug by the gas, water and similar concerns, without counting the £35,000 odd paid out of the ratepayers' pockets for road maintenance and repairs, many of which are necessitated only by the constant upheavals.

The contractor who does the trench-digging for one of the biggest underground users in England, told me they can never tell how long it is going to take them to lay bare the main they are after. For, although the local authorities may tell them that the concrete bed is six inches thick at a given point, the bed may have been broken up and relayed there half a dozen times, and what was six inches of plain concrete may have become eighteen inches of reinforced.

Worse still, the main they have to unearth may have been covered by several other mains which must be diverted without damage. This juggling with other companies' mains is the most expensive item in hole-digging, and the replacement of one 12 ft. section of gas main may necessitate the removal of three or four electric cables and water mains, costing the Gas Company several hundred pounds.

When you consider the danger, which is very real, and the expense, which is colossal, one might imagine that the underground users would be eager to adopt some method that would relieve them of the necessity of having to dig holes in the road.

Such a method exists, but whenever I mentioned it there were howls of disapproval.

"Think of the expense!" cried one. "And the danger!" cried another. "Cities would be blown sky high! Look at the Holborn explosions!"

That's what I got for suggesting with all due deference in the presence of gas men, electric men and water men, that there was perhaps something in the idea of housing all their mains neatly and snugly in one subway, properly ventilated and easily accessible, in which men might inspect, repair and replace mains conveniently and efficiently without ruining road surfaces, holding up traffic and causing congestion to become chaos.

This idea was used ages ago in Paris, Berlin, Brussels and Nottingham, and up to date these cities are still standing and there are no catastrophes to report. It has even been done, thanks to the L.C.C., in Kingsway, Aldwych, Victoria Embankment, Queen Victoria Street, and Southwark Street, and these are among the few remaining thoroughfares in London where nothing has blown up.

The Embankment subway cost £200,000. This was considered too high to warrant the extension of the system. Yet, according to the latest figures available, the Gas Light and Coke Company *alone* spent £887,226 on repairs and maintenance of its 5,100 miles of gas mains in 1932-1933. London spent £2,177,879 on repairs and maintenance of roads, and according to the Report of the Salter Committee the annual expenditure on the roads of Great Britain is approximately £60,000,000.

A conference called by the L.C.C. passed a resolution in 1930 demanding immediate consideration of the subway question by a Royal Commission. So far nothing has been done. Road Up signs still sprout in the summer.

by DAMON RUNYON

Tight Shoes

So he outs with some 8½ D's and shows Hymie the mark

ALL this begins the day a young character by the name of Rupert Salsinger sells Hymie Minsk, the backer of horses, a pair of shoes that are too tight.

This Rupert Salsinger works in Bilby's shoe store on Broadway, near Mindy's restaurant, and Hymie stops in there on his way to the Belmont race track early one afternoon, and buys the shoes.

Now, Hymie is in pretty much of a hurry, as he knows of a right good thing in the first race at Belmont, so he tells Rupert Salsinger kindly to get out a pair of shoes, size 8½ D, and make haste about it.

Well, Rupert Salsinger takes one look at Hymie's feet and he can see that Hymie can no more wear an 8½ D than he can fly, for Hymie has large, flat Bronx feet that can cover as much ground as there is between second and third when Hymie is just standing still.

So Rupert Salsinger gets out a measuring gadget, and puts one of Hymie's feet in it, and tells Hymie that what he really needs is a 10½ EE, but Hymie immediately becomes very indignant, as he is extremely sensitive about the size of his feet, and he says he knows what size shoes he wears, and if Rupert Salsinger does not care to give him what he wants, he will take his custom elsewhere.

Now, if old man Bilby is personally present, he will know enough to give Hymie his usual 10½ EE's, and tell him they are 8½ D's, and Hymie will go on about his business, and think nothing more of it, but Rupert Salsinger is new to Bilby's store, and furthermore he is a very honest and conscientious young character, and does not believe in skullduggery even about a pair of shoes, so he outs with some 8½ D's and shows Hymie the mark in them, and Hymie puts them on, and says they are just the right size, and away he goes to the race track.

Well, the good thing in the first race blows, and right away Hymie commences to notice that his shoes seem full of feet, for there is nothing like a loser in the first race for making a guy notice his feet. Then Hymie gets five more losers in a row, so by the time the races are over his feet are almost killing him.

In fact, anybody will tell you that six losers in a row will make a guy's feet hurt, even if he is barefooted, so a pair of tight shoes on such an occasion is practically murder in the first degree. Hymie has to take his shoes off in the train going back to New York to rest his feet, and one and all are most sympathetic with him, because they realise how keenly he must be suffering between the tight shoes and the six losers, and especially the six losers.

Well, Hymie Minsk goes right up to Bilby's shoe store in the tight shoes, and what does he do but use these shoes to kick Rupert Salsinger in the pants all the way from Bilby's store to Fifty-third Street, three streets away, and the chances are he will be kicking Rupert Salsinger to this very day, if one foot does not finally connect with a book by Karl Marx, which Rupert is wearing in his hip pocket, and which almost breaks Hymie's big toe, it being a very solid book.

But everybody agrees that Hymie does the right thing, especially when Hymie explains that the shoes hurt his feet so at the track that he does not really know what he is doing after the first race, and his pain causes him to bet on horses that he has no right to consider in any manner, shape or form whatever. In fact, everybody agrees that Rupert is a very dangerous character to have on Broadway, as he may take to selling tight shoes to horse backers generally, and thus cause untold suffering among them, besides upsetting their figures on the horse races.

Furthermore, when Rupert Salsinger gets back to the shoe store, old man Bilby pays him off and fires him, and also personally takes a few kicks at Rupert Salsinger's pants himself as Rupert is going out of the door, and old man Bilby's aim is much better than Hymie's, and he does not hit the volume of Karl Marx even once.

So there Rupert Salsinger is without a position, and with only half a week's wages consisting of about seven dollars in his pocket, and as it is the first position Rupert has since the depression sets in, he is downcast no little, especially as he is hoping to save enough money in this position to justify him in asking Miss Minnie Schultz, who lives over on Tenth Avenue, to be his bride.

He is in love with Miss Minnie Schultz for several years, and expects one day to ask her to marry him, but Rupert Salsinger is such a conscientious young character that he will never think of making such a request until he becomes a provider, and anyway, Miss Minnie Schultz's papa, who keeps a delicatessen store, by no means approves of Rupert Salsinger, because Rupert is always so thoughtful and studious, and also always so much out of a position.

In fact, Miss Minnie Schultz's papa considers Rupert nothing but a bum, and he wishes his daughter to marry an entirely different character by the name of Gus Schmelk, who runs a delicatessen store right across the street from the Schultz store, and is giving Miss Minnie Schultz's papa such tough competition that her papa figures it will be a nice business deal for her to marry Gus Schmelk and combine the stores.

But Miss Minnie Schultz is rather fond of Rupert Salsinger, as he is tall and thin, and has thick black hair, and a very serious expression, and wears spectacles, and is really much better than a raw hand when it comes to making love, even though he is so conservative about speaking of marriage.

Well, anyway, Rupert Salsinger goes up Broadway feeling very sad and blue, and finally he stops in the Bridle Grill, and steps up to the bar and calls for a glass of beer, and while he is drinking this beer, he gets to thinking what a cruel world it is to be sure, so he calls for another beer, with a little rye whisky on the side, for while Rupert Salsinger is by no means a rum-dum, he feels that this is an occasion that calls for a few drams, anyway.

It is now along about eight bells in the evening, and not many cash customers are in the Bridle Grill, when all of a sudden in comes a tall, good-looking young fellow in evening clothes, including a high hat and an opera cape, lined with white silk, and who is this young fellow but Calvin Colby, who is known far and wide as a great pain in the neck to his loving parents.

He is also known as a character who likes to get around and, in fact, Calvin Colby's only occupation is getting around. His people are as rich as mud, and to tell the truth, richer, and what is more they are in the Social Register and, in fact, Calvin Colby is in the Social Register himself until the publishers come upon his name one day and see that it is a typographical error.

He is often in the newspapers, because it is really remarkable how Calvin Colby's automobiles can spill dolls up against telegraph poles along the Boston Post Road, when he happens to strike these obstacles, and the dolls are always sueing Calvin Colby for breaking their legs, or spoiling their complexions. It finally gets so there is talk of taking Colvin's driving licence away from him before he shatters all the telegraph poles along the Boston Post Road.

He is without doubt strictly a Hoorah Henry, and

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing Tight Shoes

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK OLDHAM

he is generally figured as nothing but a lob as far as ever doing anything useful in this world is concerned, although everybody admits that he has a nice disposition, and is as good a right guard as ever comes out of Yale.

Calvin Colby is undoubtedly slightly mulled when he enters the Bridle Grill, and he steps up to the bar alongside Rupert Salsinger, and calls for an old-fashioned cocktail, and after he inhales this, he calls for three more of the same, one right after the other, and about this time, Rupert Salsinger, who is standing there thinking of the wrongs he suffers at the feet of Hymie Minsk and old man Bilby, lets out a terrible sigh, as follows :

"Hah-ah-ah-hah."

Well, at this, Calvin Colby gazes at Rupert Salsinger in surprise, as Rupert's sigh sounds very much like wind escaping from a punctured tyre, and Calvin speaks to Rupert like this :

"What is eating you?" Calvin says. "Have a drink," he says.

Naturally, Rupert has a drink, because it is very seldom in his life that he gets a drink for nothing, and this time he calls for an old-fashioned, too, as he is tired of beer and rye whisky, and moreover he figures it will be polite to drink the same as his host, and then he says to Calvin Colby :

"Comrade," he says, "this is an awful world. There is no justice."

"Well," Calvin Colby says, "I never give the matter much thought, because personally I never have any occasion for justice. But," he says, "you may be right. Have a drink."

So they have this second drink, and also quite a few other drinks, and presently they are as friendly as a new bride and groom, and Rupert Salsinger tells Calvin Colby about the shoes, and Hymie Minsk, and old man Bilby, and also about Miss Minnie Schultz, and when he gets to Miss Minnie Schultz, he sheds tears all over Calvin Colby's white piqué waistcoat.

Well, Calvin Colby is practically petrified with horror to think of what Rupert Salsinger suffers, although he does not consider Rupert's tears over Miss Minnie Schultz quite manly, as Calvin Colby personally never experiences love, and regards dolls as only plaintiffs, but he admits that his soul seethes with indignation at the idea of Miss Minnie Schultz's papa wishing to force her into a marriage with Gus Schmelk.

In fact, Calvin Colby says that while he does not know this Gus Schmelk he is willing to make a little wager that he is nothing but a bounder and a cad.

Now it seems that Calvin Colby is all dressed up to go somewhere, but by this time he cannot remember where, and he suggests to Rupert Salsinger that they take a little stroll and see if the old-fashioneds are up to standard in other parts of the city.

So they leave the Bridle Grill, and the bartender is not sorry to see them depart, at that, as they are making him work too hard, and they walk north on Broadway, arm-in-arm, stopping here and there to have a few drinks, and all the time Calvin Colby is talking about the great injustice that has been done Rupert Salsinger.

By and by they come to Columbus Circle, and in Columbus Circle there are many little groups of citizens, and each group is gathered around a guy standing on a box making a speech, so there are maybe ten different groups, and ten different guys making speeches, although each guy is only talking to his own group, but they are all talking at once, so they make quite a racket.

Now of course all this is a very familiar scene to anybody that ever goes through Columbus Circle in the evening, but it seems that Calvin Colby never before witnesses such a thing, as he does not visit Columbus Circle since infancy, and he is greatly astonished at what he beholds, and asks Rupert Salsinger what is the meaning of this.

Well, it seems that Rupert Salsinger knows all about the matter, and in fact it seems that Rupert Salsinger often takes part in these meetings personally when he has nothing else to do, and he explains to Calvin Colby that each of the speakers has a message of some kind to deliver to the people about one thing and another, and they are delivering them in Columbus Circle, because it is a sort of public forum, and the coppers are not permitted to bother anybody with a message here, although they may run them bowlegged if they try to deliver any message anywhere else.

Now Calvin Colby becomes greatly interested in this proposition and he listens in here and there on different groups, but he is unable to make heads or tails of what the speakers are talking about, except that most of them are weighing in the sacks on the rich, and on the government, and on this and that, and finally Calvin Colby says to Rupert Salsinger like this :

"Why," Calvin Colby says, "the trouble with these parties is they are all over the layout. They are scattering their play too much. What we need here is a little centralisation of ideas. Get me a box," Calvin says.

Well, all the boxes around and about are occupied, but by this time, what with the beer, and the old-fashioneds, and all, Rupert Salsinger is a character of great determination, and he goes up to one speaker and yanks the box right from under him without saying aye, yes, or no, and this action leaves the speaker flat in Columbus Circle, but it seems that the speaker is about all out of ideas, anyway, and cannot think of anything more to say, so he does not mind losing his box as much as you might expect.

Then Rupert takes the box and plants it right in the centre of all the groups, and Calvin Colby gets up on the box and begins letting out loud yells to attract attention. Naturally Calvin Colby can out-yell any of the speakers in Columbus Circle, because he is fresh, and furthermore he is full of old-fashioneds, and it is well known that there is nothing like old-fashioneds to help anybody yell.

Well, everyone in the Circle turns at once to see what the yelling is about and when they see a party in evening clothes, with a high hat and a white-lined opera cape on, naturally they are somewhat impressed, and they leave all the other speakers and gather around Calvin Colby.

Some think at first that maybe he is selling a patent medicine, or ballyhooing a dance hall with forty hostesses, and they expect to see his shirt bosom light up with an ad. on it, as they cannot figure any other reason for anybody in such a make-up to be in Columbus Circle, but when Calvin Colby finally gets a big crowd around him, including not only the citizens who are listening to the other speakers, but many characters male and female, who happen to be passing along the sidewalks and hear his yells, he speaks to them as follows, and to wit:

"Comrades," Calvin Colby says, "when I think of all the injustice in this world it almost makes me bust right out crying. My heart bleeds. I am very sad. All humanity cries out 'Justice, justice,' but what is the answer. Nothing, Comrades," he says.

Now at this point somebody back in the crowd pegs an egg at Calvin Colby's high hat, and cries out in a loud, coarse voice :

"Look at the daffydill."

The egg just misses Calvin Colby's hat and continues on and strikes a member of the Communist party on the chin, and the member of the Communist party is slightly irritated, as he says he can use the egg for breakfast if it does not break when it meets his chin.

Well, naturally this interruption annoys Calvin Colby no little, and he stops a moment and tries to see who it is that is guilty of such uncouth conduct, and then he says :

"Comrades," he says, "if the yob who just hurls the aforesaid remark and egg at me will kindly hold still until I reach him, I will guarantee to yank one of his arms off and beat his brains out with it."

At this the crowd cheers Calvin Colby quite some, and there are cries for him to continue his address, although Calvin Colby has half a notion to stop right there and go to work on the party who pegs the egg, because such a course promises more fun for Calvin Colby than making a speech, but finally he resumes as follows :

"No, Comrades," he says, "there is no justice, and to prove it I wish to present to you my friend, my pal, my comrade, Mr. Rupert Salsinger, who will now address you."

So he makes room for Rupert Salsinger on the box, and Rupert puts on a really wonderful speech, because it seems that Rupert is not only a natural-born speaker, but he knows extracts from great speeches by such characters as Father Coughlin, Patrick Henry, F. D. Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, and Robert Ingersoll, and he drops in these extracts here and there as he goes along, and they are very effective.

He tells of his own personal experiences with representatives of the capitalistic system, and while he does not mention them by name, he undoubtedly means Hymie Minsk and old man Bilby, and Rupert's remarks about his own suffering touch every heart, and there are cries of pity and rage from all parts of the crowd, although Rupert himself afterwards admits that maybe he does give Hymie and old man Bilby a shade the worst of it in his statements.

By the time Rupert finishes, his audience is greatly excited, and Calvin Colby is sitting on the edge of the box half asleep, so Rupert wakes him up to make some more remarks, but now Calvin Colby is slightly bored by his surroundings and wishes to get away from this spot, and all he can think of to say is as follows :

"Comrades," he says, "let us stop talking and go into action. The cry," he says, "is forward!"

And with this, Calvin Colby starts off down Broadway, walking in the middle of the street, and all he is thinking of at the moment is to remove himself from Columbus Circle, and Rupert starts off with him, but all the other citizens present fall in behind them, so there they are leading a big march.

There are only a few hundred citizens behind them when they start, but before they go two streets this number increases to several thousand, because naturally the spectacle of a character in a high hat and a white-lined opera cape leading a procession down Broadway is most intriguing to one and all who behold same, and everybody wishes to find out what it means.

Of course, Calvin and Rupert Salsinger have no idea where they are going when they start off, and when they arrive at Fiftieth and Broadway, Calvin Colby is getting sick and tired of walking, and wishes one of his cars will come along and pick him up, and furthermore he is yearning for a few old-fashioned cocktails.

In fact, Calvin Colby is getting ready to cop a sneak on his followers, when Rupert Salsinger points out old man Bilby's shoe store, which of course is closed at this hour as the seat of much of the injustice to him, and the member of the Communist Party, who is in the procession, still thinking about the loss of the egg, hears what Rupert says, and steps over on the sidewalk and kicks in old man Bilby's door.

Well, in five minutes old man Bilby's shoe store is a total wreck, and everybody has a pair of shoes

Somebody back in the crowd pegs an egg at Calvin Colby's high hat and cries out, "Look at the daffydill."

including many characters who are never in the procession at all, and are by no means entitled to same. There is great confusion, and some of the shoes get all mixed up in this confusion, and in fact for weeks afterwards parties are around Broadway with odd shoes trying to match them up.

Naturally the commotion brings out a number of officers of the law, who go around inquiring what is coming off here, and when they are unable to learn what is coming off, they start slapping citizens right and left with their night-sticks, and the result is a great deal of new business for the near-by hospitals.

But this part of it no longer interests Calvin Colby and Rupert Salsinger, who retire from the scene and go elsewhere, but not before Rupert Salsinger gets into the store and picks out a pair of shoes for himself and carries them off under his arm.

Well, by and by the reporters from the newspapers arrive on the scene and start getting interviews here and there about the goings-on, and it seems from the stories in the papers the next morning that the reporters learn that it is all the upshot of a great new movement for social justice organised by Rupert Salsinger, a famous young student of such matters, and supported by Calvin Colby, the well-known young multimillionaire thinker, although of course it is a big surprise to Rupert Salsinger to learn that he is famous, and a much bigger surprise to Calvin Colby to hear that he is a thinker, and in fact this sounds like libel to Calvin Colby, when he gets around to reading it.

But it seems that what the newspapers see in this movement for social justice led by such young characters as Rupert Salsinger and Calvin Colby, more than anything else, is a revolution of youth against the old order, and in fact the papers make it a matter of great importance and by 8 a.m. the next morning the reporters and photographers from the afternoon papers are almost breaking down the doors of Calvin Colby's apartment on Park Avenue to interview him and take his picture.

Naturally, Calvin Colby is still in the hay at such an hour, and he does not wake up until 1.30 p.m. and by this time he does not remember about the movement for social justice, and in fact he will be greatly nonplussed to find himself sleeping with such a character as Rupert Salsinger if it is not for the fact that Calvin Colby is accustomed to finding himself sleeping with all kinds of characters.

He wakes Rupert Salsinger up and asks him what about a little of the hair of the dog that bites them, but Rupert is very ill, and all he can bear is a little straight Scotch, and then Rupert commences to recall vaguely some of the events of the night before, when Calvin Colby's butler brings in the morning papers, and tells them that fifty reporters and photographers are still waiting outside to see Calvin Colby, and that they are getting fretful, and that moreover Calvin Colby's loving parents are calling up every few minutes, wishing to know what he means by becoming a thinker.

Then Calvin Colby commences remembering a few things himself, and he worries no little about how he is going to explain to his loving parents. Naturally he cannot face reporters and photographers while he is in such a state of mind, so he gives Rupert Salsinger a little more straight Scotch, and lends Rupert a dressing-gown, and sends him out to see the reporters and photographers.

Well, Rupert Salsinger gives them quite an interview, and in fact he repeats as much of the speech he made in Columbus Circle as he can remember, including the extracts from the speeches of F. D. Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, and he tells them that he and Calvin Colby will continue this movement for social justice until the bad place freezes over, if necessary, because by now the straight Scotch is working very good in Rupert Salsinger, and he is by no means at any loss for words.

Now Rupert Salsinger is a very serious-minded young character and by no means a chump, and he sees that all this publicity may lead somewhere, so what does he do in the next few days but organise the American Amalgamation for Social Justice, with himself as president, and Calvin Colby as treasurer, and Calvin Colby's loving parents are so proud of their son becoming prominent at something else besides spilling dolls out of his automobiles that they donate five thousand dollars to the cause.

Furthermore, they settle with old man Bilby for the wrecking of his shoe store, and the loss of his shoes, including the pair taken away by Rupert Salsinger, although of course nobody but Rupert knows about these shoes, and he does not mention the matter publicly.

But Calvin Colby is getting sick and tired of all this business, because the reporters are always after him for interviews, and it is commencing to interfere with his occupation of getting around, especially as Rupert Salsinger is always after him, too, telling him to do this and that, and one thing and another, and Calvin Colby is delighted when Rupert announces himself as a candidate for Congress on the Social Justice ticket, because Calvin figures that with Rupert in Congress he will not bother him any more, and he can resume getting around just where he leaves off.

Well, it seems that about the time Rupert Salsinger makes his announcement, Tammany Hall is greatly dissatisfied with the character who already represents it in Congress from Rupert's District because he often votes in a manner that is by no means to the interest of this splendid organisation, so somebody from the Hall has a talk with Rupert Salsinger, and reports that he is an honest, clean, upright young character, who is by no means sore at Tammany, or at least not so sore that he can never get over it.

Then it seems that Tammany quietly passes the word around Rupert Salsinger's district to vote for this honest, clean, upright young character, and such a word means that Rupert is 1 to 20 in the betting to be elected, even on a platform for social justice, and about this time Rupert begins thinking more than somewhat of Miss Minnie Schultz, and of how much he loves her.

Rupert is so busy that it is quite a spell since he finds leisure to get over to Tenth Avenue to see Miss Minnie Schultz, and he requests Calvin Colby, as a personal favour, to step over and explain to Miss

(*Continued on page* 10)

Continuing Tight Shoes

Minnie Schultz why he cannot appear before her in person.

So Calvin Colby goes over to Tenth Avenue and locates Miss Minnie Schultz at her papa's delicatessen store, and explains to her about Rupert, and Calvin Colby is greatly surprised to notice that Miss Minnie Schultz is very beautiful.

He notices that she has honey-coloured hair, and big blue eyes, and a lovely speaking voice, and hands like the ears of little tiny white rabbits, and feet like little tiny mice, and a complexion like Grade-A milk, and a shape that is wonderful to behold, and great intelligence, and charm, and in fact Miss Minnie Schultz is the first doll Calvin Colby ever beholds that he does not figure a plaintiff.

He also notices a character skulking in the background of Miss Minnie Schultz whose name seems to be Gus Schmelk, and whose features seem to be very familiar to Calvin Colby, and also very distasteful, especially as this Gus Schmelk seems to be on very friendly terms with Miss Minnie Schultz, and in fact in the presence of Calvin Colby he gives her a pat on the pistol pocket, causing Calvin Colby's blood to boil out of loyalty to Rupert Salsinger.

However, Miss Minnie Schultz seems quite interested in hearing about Rupert, and says she hopes and trusts he is enjoying the best of health, and that he will come to see her soon, though she realises from what she reads in the papers how busy he is, and she also says that she is personally as well and as happy as can be expected, and that business in her papa's delicatessen store is picking up.

Well, Calvin Colby reports much of the above situation to Rupert Salsinger, especially about Gus Schmelk, and tells Rupert that Gus impresses him as a low, degraded character, who will steal another's doll without any compunction of conscience whatever and in fact Calvin Colby says to Rupert like this :

"If I am you," he says, "I will dispense with this social justice for a while and look after my interests with Miss Minnie Schultz. It is seldom in my career," Calvin says, "that I see such a shape as Miss Minnie Schultz possesses."

Well, Rupert Salsinger sighs, and says he realises that Calvin Colby's statements are only too true, especially about Gus Schmelk, and also about Miss Minnie Schultz's shape, but Rupert says he feels that social justice must come first with him above all else, even Miss Minnie Schultz's shape.

Then Rupert says to Calvin Colby :

"Comrade," he says, "I realise that you loathe and despise all characters of a female nature, but," he says, "I am going to ask you to make a great sacrifice for me. I will deem it an act of fealty to our cause, and of personal friendship," Rupert says, "if you will occasionally go over to Tenth Avenue and do anything you can to protect me in that direction from vipers in my bosom, and snakes in the grass."

There are tears in Rupert's eyes as he makes this request, and naturally Calvin Colby promises to assist him in this emergency, and presently between looking after Rupert's interests with Miss Minnie Schultz and signing cheques as treasurer of the American Amalgamation for Social Justice for Rupert's campaign, Calvin Colby finds little time for his occupation of getting around.

Now in the meantime, in spite of being so busy, Rupert Salsinger finds himself brooding no little over Miss Minnie Schultz and Gus Schmelk, and finally one day he decides that he can spare a couple of hours to go over to Tenth Avenue and see Miss Minnie Schultz and present his proposal of marriage to her in person, so he calls her up and requests an interview with her, and it seems she can tell by the tone of his voice what is on his chest, and she says all right but to be sure and get over in an hour.

So Rupert Salsinger puts everything else aside, and dresses himself up in a new suit of clothes which he purchases from the treasury of the Amalgamated Association for Social Justice as part of his campaign expenses, and puts on the new shoes that he secures at old man Bilby's shoe store, and starts out from Calvin Colby's residence on Park Avenue, where Rupert is living ever since the first night he lands there.

Well, Rupert is passing the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway, when who does he see standing in front of Mindy's restaurant but Hymie Minsk, the horse backer, and then Rupert suddenly remembers that while social justice is going forward very nicely in most quarters that he never really gets justice from Hymie Minsk.

So Rupert Salsinger steps up behind Hymie, and takes him by the nape of the neck, and kicks Hymie's pants up the street to Fifty-third, using his new shoes for this purpose, and, what is more, doing a much better job on Hymie than Hymie does on him, as Hymie has no books whatsoever in his hip pocket to slow up Rupert's kicking.

When he finally lets Hymie go with a final kick in the pants, Rupert starts across Fifty-third Street toward Tenth Avenue, but after he goes a couple of blocks he notices that his feet are giving him great pain, and he realises that his new shoes must be too tight for him, and what with his walking and the extra exertion of kicking Hymie Minsk's pants, these shoes are commencing to pinch his puppies quite some.

The pain finally becomes so great that Rupert sits down on the steps of a school house and takes off his shoes to let his feet stop aching, and he sits there for anyway fifteen minutes, when it occurs to him that the hour Miss Minnie Schultz mentions is up, so he tries to put the shoes back on his feet again, but it seems his feet swell up to such an extent that the shoes will not go on again, so Rupert resumes his journey in his stocking feet, but carrying the shoes in his hand.

When he arrives in sight of the delicatessen store conducted by Miss Minnie Schultz's papa, he sees Miss Minnie Schultz standing on the pavement out in front, and he also sees Gus Schmelk walking across the street, and disappearing inside his own store, which is a scene that is most odious to Rupert Salsinger, although he does not see a large automobile with Calvin Colby in it just going around the corner.

Well, Rupert Salsinger hastens forward with a glad smile, and he tips his hat with the hand which is not carrying the shoes, and he says to Miss Minnie Schultz like this :

"Minnie," Rupert says, "I love you with all my heart and soul, and now that my future is open before me, bright and shining, I wish you to be my wife, and never mind what your papa says to the contrary about Gus Schmelk. He is strictly a wrong 'un. I mean Gus Schmelk," Rupert says. "Let us be married at once, and my friend, my pal, my comrade, Mr. Calvin Colby, will stand up with us as my best man."

"Rupert," Miss Minnie Schultz says, "if you are here fifteen minutes ago, I will undoubtedly accept you. When you call me on the telephone and make an appointment for an interview with me, I say to myself, I wait all these years for Rupert to speak, and now I will give him just one more hour of my life, and not one minute more, for another is requesting my hand. On the expiration of the hour to the dot," Miss Minnie Schultz says, "I pledge myself to him. Rupert," she says, "as far as I am personally concerned you are a goner."

Naturally, Rupert Salsinger is greatly vexed to hear this news, and in fact he is so vexed that he takes the tight shoes that are the cause of his tardiness, and throws them as far as he can, and as straight as he can, which is plumb across the street and through the plate-glass window of Gus Schmelk's delicatessen store.

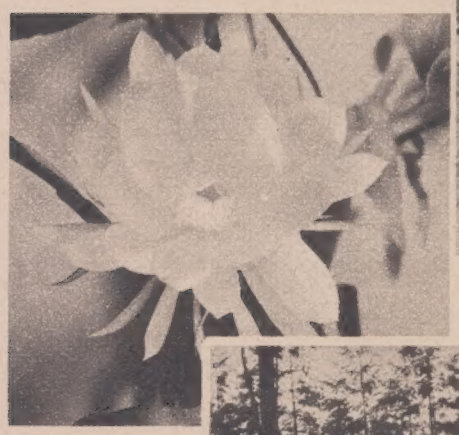
The next thing anybody knows, Rupert Salsinger, is hastening up Tenth Avenue in his stocking feet and Gus Schmelk is right behind him calling him names of such a crude nature that Miss Minnie Schultz retires to her papa's delicatessen store, although this does not prevent her from seeing a character leave Gus Schmelk's store with Rupert's tight shoes under his arm, and it does not prevent her from recognising this character as the member of the Communist party.

Well, I see in the papers that Congressman Rupert Salsinger is going to marry some society doll in Washington, who is a widow with plenty of money left to her by her late husband, but I do not believe Rupert will be any happier than Calvin Colby, who is very busy at this time opening the twenty-second branch of the Schultz-Colby Delicatessen Stores, Inc. and who is greatly pleased over being married to Miss Minnie Schultz.

But although Gus Schmelk's store is in the new combination, and Gus himself is a member of the Board of Directors of same, Calvin Colby never really forgets that Gus Schmelk is the party who almost ruins his high hat with an egg in Columbus Circle the night Calvin makes the public address.

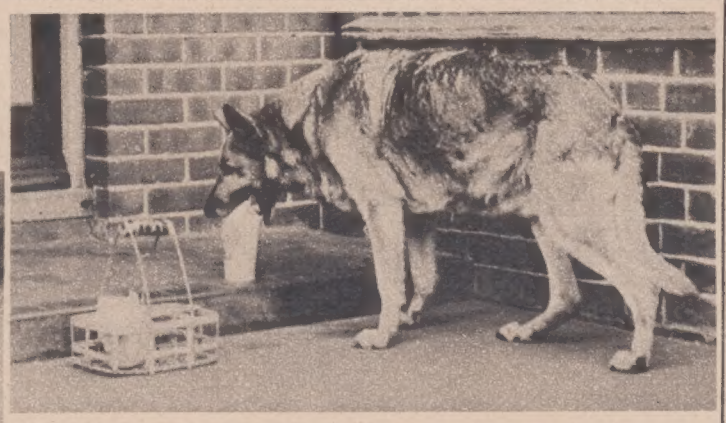
CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope

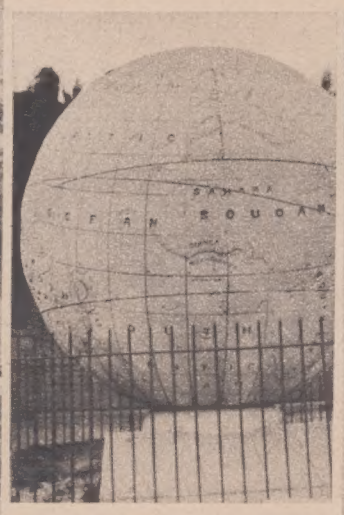


Malayan Moon Flower. Blossoms only on the night of the full moon and dies in the morning.

Minor glacier formed overnight by water spray in the Rocky Mountains, Canada.



This Margate Alsatian helps its milkman owner to deliver the early morning round, the clever dog.



The world's largest globe stands in Swanage. It's 90 tons of granite.

Friendly little crabs pay call on inhabitants of Christmas Island, Straits Settlement. It's the spirit of goodwill.

Shilling reward for ringing the bell and warning of fire, says this notice at Amersham.

ON TOP *of the* WORLD
—*without a* PENNY

● Dave Wynn, nineteen-year-old American, was in Russia when he decided to cross Afghanistan. Official permission was refused, so he "vanished" with some Turkoman smugglers, who took him to the Oxus river, on the Frontier, gave him an inflated goatskin and told him to cross as best he could. Here is his story.

I DON'T know how anybody else would act if he found himself on the banks of the old Oxus river in forbidden territory. I knew I must try to cross the formidable stream with my inflated goatskin or be shot by Soviet guards at dawn. The smugglers had left me to cross under cover of night.

I broke my way through the thick cane, thinking that the crackling was loud enough to reach the ears of the frontier guards. Once in the swift stream, I was swept away by the current, and only by furious paddling was I able to reach the opposite shore. Then I was so busy trying to put distance behind me, and to get warm that I forgot that I was alone in Afghanistan and didn't know where I was going. I just hurried on in the opposite direction to the river.

Not till the sun came out blazing hot did I rest. All about me were high, snow-covered mountains, and the path over which I had hurried was leading me to these forbidding giants.

Letting the sun sink into my bones I found strength and courage to go on. Surely I would find a village or town somewhere. Yet perhaps that would be the end of my freedom, the end of my life. I wasn't at all at ease as to how the people of the most fanatical and dangerous part of Afghanistan would receive me. The fact that I had no clothes, save those that I wore, and no equipment save a small sack containing toilet articles, a camera and a few rolls of film in a water-tight pouch was my best protection. I thought my poverty and my knowledge of Mohammedan prayers and the Chehada (the Mohammedan confession of faith) might help me through.

I walked around a bend in the mountain trail, straight into an encampment. There was no turning back. I walked watching Afghans with their rifles trained on me. These wild frontier tribesmen seized me, for they always treat strangers with suspicion. Perhaps they thought I was the advance scout of a raiding band from Turkestan.

Dave Wynn

As they started to bind me, and I saw several of them fingering their knives menacingly, I muttered a few quotations from the Koran. At once their hard looks softened. Evidently they believed that I was one of the converted. They asked me my nationality, but it was obvious that countries I mentioned meant nothing in their world. Eventually they decided I was a German, since they heard that there were some in Kabul. A German Mohammedan. I let them think so.

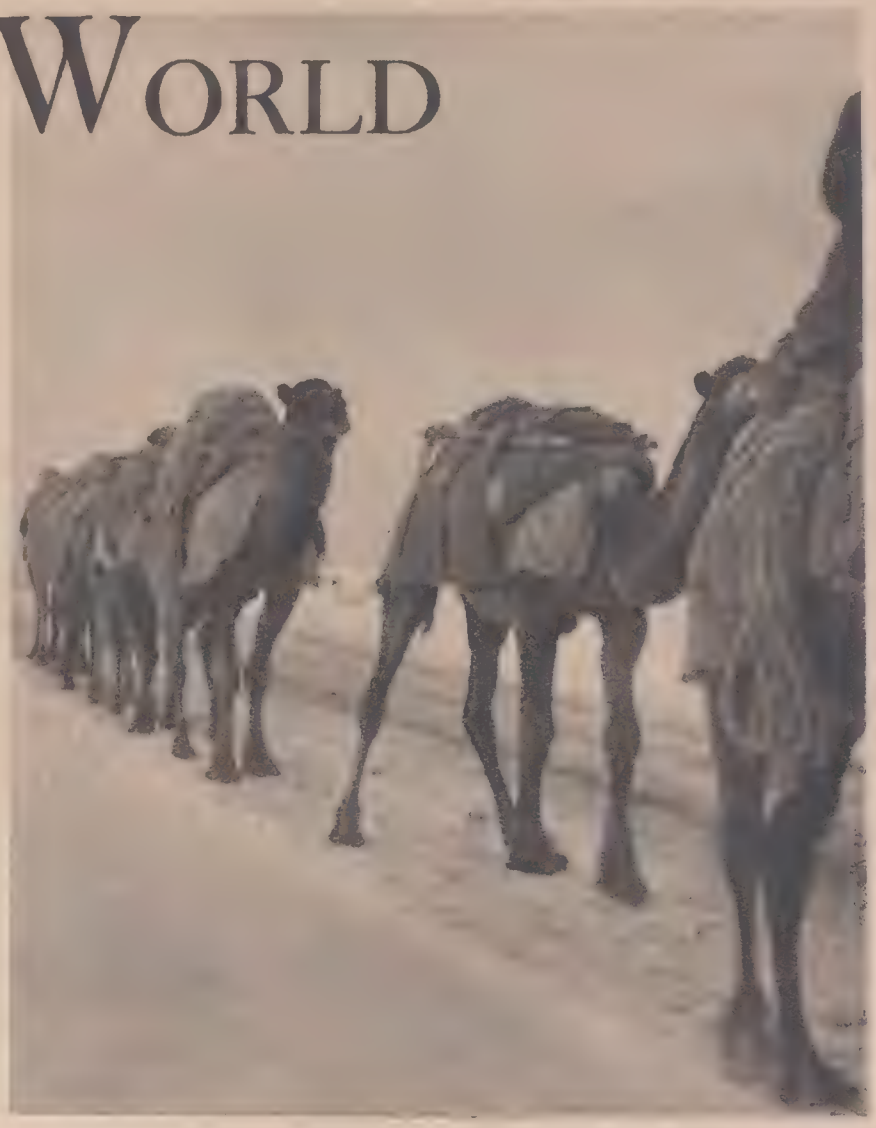
One wild-looking individual, less easily convinced than the rest, demanded that I should prove that I was a worthy son of the Prophet. My wayside education in Islam stood me in good stead, and I began to chant the great central ritual of Islam.

"La illa ha il Allah—Mohammed rasoul il lah . . ." I chanted.

"La illa ha il Allah—Mohammed rasoul il lah . . ." they repeated after me. I was sure I had them. Eventually this was to prove my passport among the tribes. They bade me join them in drinking tea, and in smoking their pipes. They offered to take me with them.

We travelled over icy passes until we came to the first Afghan village fortified by high walls and gates and lying high in the snowy heights. When I was challenged by the villagers, I chanted for all I was worth. I was like some strange evangelist of Islam, for no sooner did I fall in with a fresh company of Afghans than my chanting awakened their own fervour, and I became the centre of a howling fanatic religious demonstration. The fact that I prayed five times a day with the Afghans undoubtedly saved my life.

Once one of the Afghans in the caravanserai where we were staying became angry and threw his rifle up to my eyes and threatened to pull the trigger. Perhaps he did it to see what I would do. Perhaps he meant it. But on this and other occasions my knowledge of the Koran and a smattering of the language of these savage childlike people saved me. I met his outburst with prayers and chants—and later curses.



● Finally I was allowed to join a caravan going to Balkh.

After many days of waiting in a village, I was finally allowed to join a caravan going to Balkh, capital of the now forgotten Greek Principality of Bactria, founded by the Generals of Alexander the Great.

Here I found in the caves and ruins relics of Grecian and Buddhist culture. I also discovered rich unworked mineral deposits and large veins of gold in the rocks. But the country is so primitive and there is so much warfare and plundering among the tribesmen and so much fighting with the people in Soviet Turkestan that it is almost impossible to carry on any development project, or even travel safely.

From Balkh I worked my way with slow caravans through the Hindu Kush Mountains to Herat in West Afghanistan. We were twenty-eight days on the trail with only green bitter tea and flat Afghan bread. Occasionally, we had rice and soup at caravanserais. Finally we reached our goal, only to come into a frightful epidemic. Hundreds were dying of fever and typhus, making it a city of death. Bodies were stacked in piles just as the Mongol conquerors had stacked the heads of their enemies in a pyramid of skulls. The gravediggers could not dig fast enough, and they, too, were stricken as they worked.

I fled south with caravans to get to Khandahar. Any moment I expected the whole caravan to break out with disease. We made our way through deserts and mountains, fording some rivers and crossing others in crude wooden boats. We made our camp at nights in the open, or in a caravanserai if we were lucky enough to reach one. Here we always had our tea and pipes of opium and hashish. I had to smoke, too, for fear of insulting the Afghans. These were days of torture and misery. The life of these people is so hard that they can find relief only in their smoke.

Afghanistan is a land of wretched poverty, of utter barrenness and emptiness. The mountains are bare of any growth or anything living. In the lower regions the land is desert. Only in a few places is there any life and water, and here are the scattered towns and villages. Since agriculture and farming are impossible, and since there is nothing to be had from the mountains, many tribes exist solely by pillaging caravans and villages, and in holding rich merchants to ransom.

If they aren't pillaging each other, there is usually some tribal or family feud to settle so that the principal occupation of many is to fight and to rob. Kabul tries to exercise some control, but outside of Kabul, and except for the route to the Khyber Pass, there is virtually no control over these lawless and heartless men. They will kill a man for cartridges or for a rifle because they are more valuable than a life.

As we came in view of the mud-walled city of Khandahar, I was thankful to know that the hardest part of the trek was over. We had gone through storms and floods and through great extremes of temperature sometimes varying 60 degrees F. in a day. And now we saw our first palms. It was good to feel the warm sun and to be able to eat luscious desert melons and pomegranates.

Although I had escaped with my life from bandit tribes, the hardships of the trail finally proved too much for me. I had been sick with bouts of fever and dysentery on the journey from Herat, and after we had finally reached Khandahar in Southern Afghanistan, I collapsed completely. I fell ill with pneumonia and dysentery.

And so after months in the company of muleteers and roving Afghan caravans, I was taken into the Palace of the King. The following day the King's physician came to Khandahar on a visit, and was called to attend me. Although the local doctors gave me up, he pulled me through after the greatest care. When I was well enough to sit up, the Governor and high Afghan officials and Princes visited me daily to know of my progress.

I gave up my Mohammedan disguise among them, revealing my nationality. At least I was the only one from my country in Afghanistan and they were very solicitous. They treated me as though I were some visiting dignitary, and heaped presents on me. They constantly apologised for the poverty of their land and the poor gifts (which were furs and rings and silk robes) and declared themselves grieved that I had come to such a state in their country. They even thanked me for taking such pains to come.

(*continued on page* 13)

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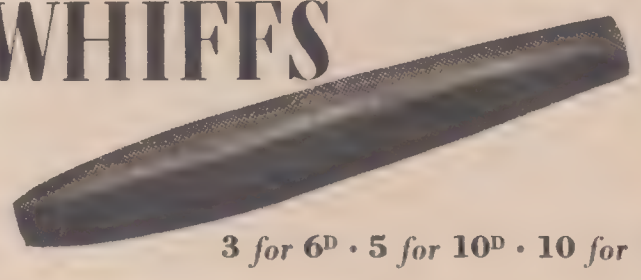

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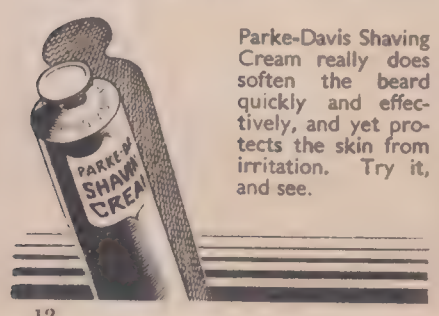

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CONTINUING

On Top *of the* World . . .

Every visit they palavered like this. But it was rather amusing when, right in the middle of a conversation, the officials and the governor would excuse themselves and go to the foot of my bed to perform their ablutions and recite their prayers. This done, they resumed the conversation as if nothing had happened.

They furnished me with new clothes for all my other things had been burned because they were so dirty. And when I was able to get up, I took walks about the palace gardens followed by a number of servants. I had about ten attendants day and night. They followed me everywhere like shadows. This exasperated me, for they would bob up and down according to what I did. If I got up to look out into the courtyard, they got up and followed me. They sat down when I sat down. Since I am nervous and restless I almost went crazy with such a circus crowd.

I was thinking of leaving Afghanistan in a hurry when I was invited by one of the high Ministers to be his guest in Kabul. I did not hesitate to accept. Some days later, I travelled in luxury with a motor caravan of officials and nobles. We went in large lorries, since they are more trustworthy on the mountain grades and were necessary to carry the military escort and the paraphernalia of the trip, for each Afghan carried his own bed with him. One was taken along for me, too. The journey was without incident except for the usual breakdowns.

We had delays and trouble in fording small rivers, getting stuck twice. We stopped one night in the King's rest house at Khelat-a-Khelat, and the next night we stopped in Ghazni, one of the coldest towns outside of the Hindu Kush.

We were met at each town by officials who presented us with gifts and gave us fowls and Afghan titbits to eat. Crowds of Afghans gathered around our lorry to see the strange white man. At each place officials were interested to have me trace out on a map the route I had taken across Turkestan and Afghanistan, and so I began to feel that I had made an important journey, especially when they said that I was the only European who had come that way in recent times. They thought it incredible that I had run the gauntlet of the Bassmachi and fanatic tribes in Turkestan and North Afghanistan.

We went up into high mountains, clinging precariously to the trail. At times I felt we would shoot straight over the precipices on the hairpin turns. We passed many guards and at the first sign of trees and growth we knew we were near Kabul.

I was again committed to a sick bed in Kabul, where once more I was attended by the King's physician. After I was stronger, I was entertained by Afghan officials and in the Embassies of the foreign colony so much that I became lost in the whirl. I was no sooner decked up for one function than I had to be dressed for another.

While I was in bed, the king, his secretary and a number of officials honoured me with a visit. Later, the secretary and officials visited me regularly—secretly, I think—to drink the whisky of my host at the risk of their necks. Although they always looked about furtively as they broke the sacred law of Mohammed, they smacked their lips as if it were worth the risk.

Wine-drinking in Afghanistan is ***punishable by death***, and guilty culprits are frequently sent to "Jhelum" (hell) by having their brains dashed out by being thrown from a high tower. No wonder Afghans get their stimulant by smoking hashish, which the prophet obligingly forgot to forbid!

I was glad to have these men visit me, however, even though the real reason was to taste forbidden spirits. I enjoyed breaking the sacred law as much as they, and felt an exhilaration in being so wicked.

There were several Germans in the city. They were retained by Bacha Saquo, the bandit king who, after driving out Amanullah Khan to get the throne, was himself captured and executed a year and half later by Nadir Khan Sha. These Germans, brought to Afghanistan for some engineering projects as part of Amanullah's plan to modernise the country, were especially kind to me. One was working in the only clinic in Afghanistan and another was helping to organise the Afghan post (camels and auto-trucks) and the telegraph—a single wire draped across the country. When they warned me against taking part in dangerous dealings with foreign and Afghan conspirators, I wondered whether they were referring in any way to my official partners in sin.

The German colony there is the largest, if one does not consider the sixty or more Russians who hover about the Soviet Embassy in a mysterious manner. No one in Kabul can say why so many are necessary, but, since the Afghans play the Russians against the English, it is evident that they are all trying to win the favour of Afghanistan.

The Germans were working despite the difficulties to install modern projects that the primitive fanatic people did not understand and considered machines of the "white devils and infidels." Yet in many of the fantastically crude houses of Kabul there were electric lights—the only ones in Afghanistan.

The day that Faiza Khan, the foreign minister, had arranged for me to take photos of Nadir Khan Sha, a terrific snow storm broke. A cutaway coat and striped trousers had been provided so that I could appear properly before the King, but as the storm subsided it was thought better that I should go with the mail van to Jalalabad before I became marooned in Kabul. I promised to go back to keep the missed appointment with the King.

We came from the high mountains of Kabul out of the icy passes, the road often clinging to the side of great cliffs, into the warm fertile plains of Jalalabad, covered with fruit orchards and palm trees. It is an ideal location for the King's winter palace.

I was the guest of Prince Zakir and a German who was teaching him military technique and sport. We played tennis and polo and went hunting.

One night I jumped out of my bed with fright when there was a weird booming outside the window of my room in the palace. I thought it was a raid by tribesmen, but I was put at rest when I found out that it was only the beginning of Ramadan, the Mohammedan fast of thirty days, during which Afghans cannot eat from sunrise to sunset, but have regular orgies of food and Afghan parties at night.

Unfortunately, we were not able to join them and it became difficult to get enough to eat. Although I had twenty servants they were useless. Half of the time they were asleep or stupid from smoking hashish at night. I soon got fed up, thanked the Prince for his hospitality and took to the trail again. Friends in Jalalabad accompanied me as far as Dakka. From there I was on my own.

At the Afghan post I was stopped and arrested, since I had no permission to leave. This dumbfounded me. I always thought people were glad to get rid of me. Of course, the Afghans may have been copying the Soviets who require permission to visit them and then permission to leave. I objected in vain that I knew nothing about such a formality, and in spite of my showing them many ship discharges, letters and papers, it was of no use.

I told the guards that I had just come from the Prince in Jalalabad and that I had been a guest of their king. This made no impression on them, either because they did not believe me or because they did not care. They claimed that I would have to be detained until they got instructions concerning me.

At the first opportunity, I slipped away dressed in native robes and made my way through the Khyber Pass to the first of the British Forts.

At first the British guards tried to chase me away, but when I addressed them in English they allowed me to pass through and took me before the commanding officer. The General seemed amazed at my trek, declaring that it was not possible. After sending me off with several servants to get a scrub down, he gave me a change of clothes and invited me to have tea with him.

That night he invited all the officers to a dinner in my honour. The servants laid out a dinner-suit for me, to which I objected until I learned that it is a custom for these officers, far from their homes and civilisation, to dress for dinner to try to forget that they are in a savage land.

As we sat yarning, the men told me that they did not dare to leave the fortifications after dark. Two men had done so and had been stabbed to death for the sake of their guns. They also shuttered all the rooms in which there were lights, for Afghan snipers who hid in the hills above would shoot at anything that offered a target.

They told me about the fierce fighting that went on continually, and the difficulties of keeping open the short railroad in the Khyber Pass. There has been a great deal of recent fighting along the caravan trail to Gandab, and it is said that the former Afghan King, Amanullah Khan, was behind the uprisings.

They could not imagine how I had got through alive. My only explanation was that it must have been because I had neither arms nor money, and was so young that, like a woman, they did not consider me dangerous or worth killing. Possibly it was because I pretended to be a Mohammedan pilgrim—and had lots of luck.

I felt rather foolish when the commanding General insisted on sending me out of the Khyber with a military escort. Perhaps this was a polite way of keeping me under surveillance.

I was arrested and held for examination about arms smuggling along the Afghan-Russo border as soon as I reached Peshawar, the first Indian city, and while I was there, I heard that Nadir Khan Sha had been assassinated and that my tennis partner in Jalalabad, Zakir Khan, was Shah of Afghanistan!

● In forbidden territory, I took this photograph of the mosque in Andyan, Turkestan, now used by Soviet officials as a municipal clinic and offices.

● Women of Afghanistan still wear veils when they go out of doors. They peer through a window of muslin let into these great white hoods.

Calling at TRINIDAD

Illustrated by
CLIVE UPTTON

"YOU say that the average woman can tell instinctively whether a man is good or bad. By bad I mean really bad, an out and out blackguard, a man who has not a single decent trait in his whole make-up, who is clever, cruel, and utterly callous; that type of man, you say, any intelligent woman can recognise instinctively? You are wrong," the famous London specialist said.

"Eighty per cent. of my patients are women, and quite half of them come to my consulting room directly or indirectly in consequence of a man. The nervous system is the barometer of the heart. When love affairs go wrong men take to drink and women have nervous breakdowns. If women could recognise men who are no good before they fell in love with them, I should have fewer patients.

"My experience is that women are either too hard upon men or too kind to them. In some men, who have a real streak of good in them, they will refuse to find a single redeeming feature, whilst they will not hear a word against other men who are completely evil. I will tell you a story to prove what I mean. The woman concerned was not one of my cases, though I helped her unofficially to some extent." The great man smiled as he filled his pipe.

"I was on holiday and had gone on a cruise to the West Indies. There was a girl I will call Mrs. X on board; her christian name was Joan. She had been married for four years; her husband had sent her on the cruise, on the advice of her doctor. She was suffering from an acute attack of domesticitis; everything had got on her nerves, her husband, her house, her servants, and her friends. On the outward voyage she spent most of the time basking in the sun in a deck chair; her health obviously improved daily.

The ship was scheduled to put in for two days at Trinidad. The ticket for the cruise included hotel accommodation at Port-o'-Spain for those that wanted to spend the night on shore. Some of the passengers decided to remain on board, others to stay at the Queen's Park Hotel. I went off in the same launch as Mrs. X. I saw that, like myself, she was bringing her suitcase.

Now I had been observing Mrs. X during the voyage and, like everyone else, I had noticed the improvement in her general condition. The lines caused by nerve strain had disappeared from between her eyes; she was calmer, more contented.

Though she was a pretty woman travelling alone and had inevitably attracted the attention of every man on board, I am certain she had had no love affair during the outward voyage. She was the kind of woman I think that attaches some importance to being loyal to her husband. But when she stepped on to the quay at Port-o'-Spain there was a glint in her eye.

It was obvious to me that Mrs. X intended to spend the next twenty-four hours enjoying herself. I wondered if she knew some man in Trinidad? No one met her on the landing stage. We parted in the town; she wished to do some shopping and I had arranged to go for a motor drive in the island.

I did not see her again until the evening when I reached the Queen's Park Hotel just before dinner. She was sitting at the end of the terrace talking to a man wearing a white dinner jacket. I noticed this because in Trinidad men usually wear black dinner jackets. I went up to give her a piece of native carving she had asked me to buy and she could not very well help introducing me to her companion.

The stranger was a Frenchman, a Monsieur Lobère. I could see at once that where women were concerned he had a full share of his countrymen's traditional fascination. He was of medium height with a brownish complexion, full lips, and intensely black eyes. His cheeks were too hollow and his eyes so deep set that at first I formed the opinion he was a consumptive. But Mrs. X told me her companion had just come from South America and was recuperating at Trinidad after a severe attack of fever. He was, it appeared, a gold prospector, and had been on a long and difficult expedition. That explained his frail and yet weather-beaten appearance.

There was to be a dance at the hotel that evening, and both Mrs. X and Monsieur Lobère intended to go to it. Mrs. X was obviously greatly looking forward to the party. The Frenchman said it was a long time since he had danced, but there was a smooth suavity about him that made me sure he was a good dancer. As it happened I was wrong about this.

The party from our boat were all to have dined together, but Mrs. X deserted us and sat with Monsieur Lobère at a table in a corner. They had a bottle of champagne in an ice pail, and this, together with the jewelled links and studs I had noticed the Frenchman wearing, confirmed my opinion that he had money. There are, as a rule, only two kinds of gold prospectors; those who have two Rolls-Royce cars and those who have one mule.

I looked across at Mrs. X's table once or twice during dinner, and observed that the Frenchman was making good headway. They were sitting with their heads close together, talking animatedly, quite absorbed in each other. I thought it was a good thing that the ship sailed next day, and that Mrs. X's ticket tied her to a scheduled cruise.

When the dancing started I was surprised to see that Monsieur Lobère was not the good dancer I expected. His movements were graceful and light enough, but it was plain he did not know the steps. Mrs. X had to show him how to do dances like the rumba, which everyone in London had been doing for two years. I was puzzled by this, for he must have been in touch with civilisation in between his expeditions.

Mrs. X was not troubled by her partner's inexpertness; she taught him the new steps and soon they were getting on famously. Then at about 11 p.m. I lost sight of them. A little after midnight I was smoking a last pipe in the lounge when Mrs. X suddenly reappeared alone. She came straight up to me; I saw that her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and that she was in a state of great excitement. Having made sure that no one was listening, she said:

"Sir William, I want you to do me a favour. When you go on board to-morrow, I want you to see the purser and ask to have my things packed and sent on shore."

"You are not coming on with the boat?" I said.

She shook her head. "I am going to Panama; there is a ship leaving to-morrow afternoon."

She saw the look in my eyes, and tried to laugh, but it was a nervous half-hearted effort. "I know what you think! You think I'm a silly little fool."

"I don't know anything about your plans," I said, "but Panama is a long way from England. Do you know anyone there?"

"Yes. Monsieur Lobère is going to Panama; he knows a lot of people. He says he can introduce me to everybody."

I put my hand on her arm: "I shouldn't."

"I'd go anywhere with him. I knew it as soon as I saw him; he is wonderful."

I tried to reason with her.

"Supposing he takes you to Panama and leaves you there! How are you going to get home?"

"He won't do that; I can trust him; he has told me all about the firm he works for in Paris; he is quite an important person. If anything did go wrong I have got my letter of credit." She opened her bag and showed me a letter of credit for a considerable sum. "But I shan't need it; he won't even let me pay my fare to Panama."

Obviously the thing had to be stopped. Mrs. X's new friend might or might not pay her fare to Panama, but I was certain he would not pay it back. He was more likely to rob her of all the money she could obtain on her letter of credit and then

A Complete Story by

ARTHUR MILLS

I went up to give her a piece of native carving she had asked me to buy.

leave her stranded. I had not liked the look of him when I first saw him, and now that I heard of the plan he proposed, I was certain he was a scoundrel. But it was not going to be easy to get Mrs. X to believe this; she was far too infatuated.

I did not know what to do. Mrs. X would not listen to vague warnings. The only thing that would stop her would be definite proof of Lobère's real character.

I saw a fellow called Walters standing by the door. Walters I knew was the British Consul in Port-o'-Spain; there was a chance that he might know something about this Frenchman. Lobère was at that moment crossing the floor to rejoin Mrs. X, and I left her to dance with him and went over to Walters.

"You see that fellow in a white dinner jacket dancing with a girl from our ship?" I said to the Consul.

"I've been watching him the whole evening," Walters answered. He appeared amused by my question.

"Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Why do you ask? Has he been up to any tricks?" the Consul asked sharply.

"Not yet; but he has asked that English girl to break her cruise and go with him to Panama. I don't somehow fancy the plan. Not that the girl has anything to do with me. If she had, I would stop it; as it is, it is going to be a bit difficult to persuade her he is not a desirable travelling companion." I told the Consul the whole story, including my fears for Mrs. X's letter of credit.

"I may be able to help you," Walters said; there was a twinkle in his eye. "Bring them into the bar when this dance is over and we will all have a talk."

I waylaid Mrs. X and her partner when the music stopped and took them into the bar. The Consul was sitting by himself at a table in the corner. I noticed that Lobère checked his pace and seemed anxious to turn back, when he saw Walters.

"I am going to introduce you to the British Consul," I told him.

"I know him," Lobère said. He looked most uncomfortable.

"Enjoying your evening?" the Consul asked Lobère as we sat down.

The Frenchman would not look at the Consul; he kept his eyes on the ground, and his hands were twitching.

"I hear you are thinking of going to Panama to-morrow," the Consul said.

"Yes, and I am going too. I hear it is a wonderful place," Mrs. X said, resting her hand on Lobère's shoulder.

The Consul took a straw out of its paper covering and stirred the ice in his glass. "You'll have to get a visa, you know. They won't let you land without one."

"I never thought of that," Mrs. X said.

The Consul looked at Lobère and smiled again. It was a dry grimace. "I was talking about you to-day. We have had a cable that may affect your movements."

I have never seen a man's features change like that Frenchman's did when the Consul said this. His face went literally grey-green. Every drop of blood must have left his cheeks. "You are not going to send me back!" he stammered.

"That will depend on the Governor of Trinidad." The Consul turned to Mrs. X. "We are in rather a difficult position about your friend. He and three others arrived yesterday after a pretty tough trip in an open boat. They came at once to my office and gave a frank account of themselves.

"All four had escaped from the French penitentiary at St. Laurent du Maroni, which the newspapers call Devil's Island. Three of the men were destitute and are being looked after by the police; but this gentleman had money waiting for him that had been sent out by friends to a bank in Trinidad. As he said he was an officer, who had been convicted of a political offence, we allowed him to come to this hotel on parole.

"We get a certain number of these fellows from French Guiana every year, and our practice is to allow them to stay forty-eight hours on the island. After that they must leave. A man is not sent back to the French authorities except in very special circumstances. But, as I was telling Monsieur Lobère, I have had a cable this evening that may affect him. In fact, that is why I have come up to the hotel."

Mrs. X stared at Lobère. "You are not a gold prospector? You have escaped from Devil's Island?"

The Frenchman did not speak. Walter's mention of a cable had made him break out into a sweat.

"According to the cable we had from Cayenne, a Dr. Vauban is missing," the Consul said. "I don't know if you remember the case; it attracted a lot of attention in France. The doctor had a habit of dismembering his women patients and dissolving their bones in a special acid of his own invention. Of course, we have no proof that this gentleman had anything to do with that business."

Monsieur Lobère got to his feet; he threw back his shoulders; there was a slightly insane look in his black eyes. "I am Vauban!" he announced proudly.

The famous specialist leaned back in his chair, folding his hands over his slim waist-line.

"I must say," he concluded, "that for pure Grand Guignol I have never seen anything to beat the expression on Joan X's face."

Short Short Story by

Frank Bunce

ILLUSTRATED BY NICOLLS

The GREAT *and the* LITTLE

BURGESS, looking upon the spectre of death in the sickly fire, felt two emotions new to his experience: fear of the unknown; contempt for a man. The first he mastered purposefully, but the second persisted; and that irritated and puzzled him.

A scientist of broad scope, he regarded the bug coming under his glass, the tremendous and beautiful nebulæ swimming across his field of vision as like interesting manifestations of an energy pervading space; neither great, neither mean, both occupying a common level of utility. Yet for the man whose eyes, abject and doglike, were upon him, he knew, from across the fire, he felt loathing as intense and persistent as it was novel and unreasonable.

He lifted his head. He was so weak that it took a powerful effort of the will. He gasped for air, rasped:

"I say, Slater—can't you do something about that fire?"

The little man quivered. He rose very slowly, with protest and caution. "Yes—sir," he mumbled. He fumbled at the pile of wood, none too dry, which was their bulwark for this night against beast and reptile and that subtler menace, the fear that rules the jungles after the sun is gone. He stumbled forward, got up slowly, scraped together a few sticks and dumped them upon the fire.

"Not that way. Here—" Burgess took himself in hand and re-arranged the sticks. "Can't you even lay sticks on a fire properly?" he asked, studiously insulting. Slater stood silent, trembling, looking at him.

His silence, his incompetence and timorousness struck on Burgess's raw nerves, and he roared in sudden insane passion: "I say—sit down!"

"Yes, sir," said Slater, and collapsed back upon his haunches.

Yes, Burgess thought, the fellow was a puppet. Left to himself, he'd sit in quivering terror until madness took him; or run, with heaving flanks, until his heart burst and a jaguar could crunch him at his leisure.

It seemed a supreme discourtesy of fate that he, of all the race of humans, should be Burgess's companion to oblivion.

Why, Burgess asked himself, couldn't he have been permitted a civilised chap with a dash of courageous humour for their last hours? Though Burgess was no romantic and no strict formalist, he felt there ought to be a right way to eat a salad, to greet a lady, or to die, and Slater's kind would die as he would eat a salad: disgustingly.

Slowly, however, as the dull hours passed, his irritation was absorbed into his scientist's curiosity. Tilting back his head, he studied his companion with a fresh interest.

"Slater," he said at length, speaking with a drunken precision, for it was hard to talk, "we're about done for." The other's eyes came open abruptly; terror stood gibbering in them, and Burgess's contempt recurred. "The odds are in the millions to one that another sunset will find us stiff.

"We've been lost four days. We've been three days without food, two with only a little water. Our feet are useless, our bodies poisoned by insects. Unless to-morrow, rather early, we pick up a trail—we're done. There's a point I'd like to settle before we pass on. It concerns a little theory of mine that every organism, no matter how mean, how contemptible it may seem, is a unique piece that has its place in the scheme of things; and you, Slater, if you will, can either prove or disprove that to me."

Slater squirmed up straighter. His bleared and reddened eyes showed a doglike puzzlement. "Me, sir?"

"You, yes. Merely by telling me whether there is any one thing you've ever done, or can do, well enough to justify your existence. Think now——"

Slater squirmed more furiously. "Well—guess I ain't much good at anything—"

"It does seem that way—pardon my frankness, Slater. You were on the beach, down and out, when we picked you up at Progreso; you've bungled about everything we've put you at since; and that, you see, is just what interests me in you. If you could show me something, no matter how unimportant it may seem, that would give you a claim on existence, you'd prove to me that I've been right in thinking everything has its place in the scheme of things. But if not—then I'm wrong."

The little man shook his head dolefully. "I'm a pretty poor stick, I know," he said. "Never had much of a chance—no schoolin' or anything—" Talking caused him pain. Burgess, studying him idly, reflected that with his inferior physique he would have been done in long ago had he not been schooled by hardship to hunger and deprivation. "So there isn't much of anything, except maybe—well—I'm a whiz at shooting snipes." Burgess

Slater squirmed more furiously. "Well—guess I ain't much good at anything"

stared and Slater elaborated: "Spotting cigar butts, see? Down at Progreso the rest of them that was on the beach with me used to call me the Champion Butt Shooter of the Universe. They said I must have an eye like a lynx. I could beat any manjack at rounding up snipes——"

Burgess threw back his head and laughed.

"My companion to eternity!" he howled, with a wave and a bow to the shrinking Slater. "To eternity with"—his laughter went far out into the jungles—"the Champion—Butt Shooter—of the Universe!"

Before sanity left him quite, and he lay prostrate and babbling next day, he observed the amenities. He commanded, with gestures and all the voice that remained to him, a reeling, stumbling Slater to go on without him.

He returned to consciousness with amazement, fitfully. There was a roof of thatched sapodilla boughs over him; there were men near—Hooker and Davis, his colleagues, and on a corner cot a puffy Slater dead in slumber.

"Thank him, not us," Davis said, when Burgess tried to put some of his feeling into words. "It's he who came in, gave us a clue to your position, just before he went under."

Burgess closed his eyes, shuddering. It was bitter irony that he should owe his life to a man whom he despised; to the Champion Butt Shooter of the Universe!

Davis talked on, explaining: "It's one of those incredible coincidences, old man. Shows how things of the vastest importance can hinge on trifles. Just after you went down, and Slater himself was giving up, he saw it. He went for it, and so picked up our boot tracks into camp. He had just strength enough to crawl in, but if he hadn't happened to see it, you'd both have been out there now—"

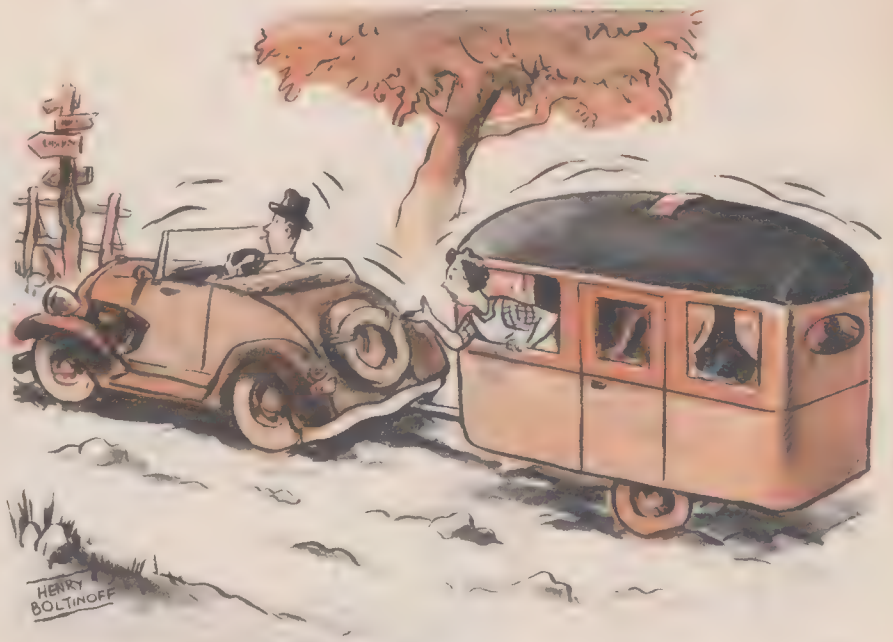
"It? Saw it?" Burgess questioned wildly.

"Why, one of our cigar butts, old man. It was away down in matted grass and dead as mutton—not even smoking—but he spotted it. The fellow must have an eye like a lynx! . . . But I say, old fellow—you're looking bad. More water?"

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Can't you stop them hopping about ; they're giving me a headache."



"Oh, Ed, stay on this road a little longer—I'm putting baby to sleep.

"He ate an acrobat for lunch."

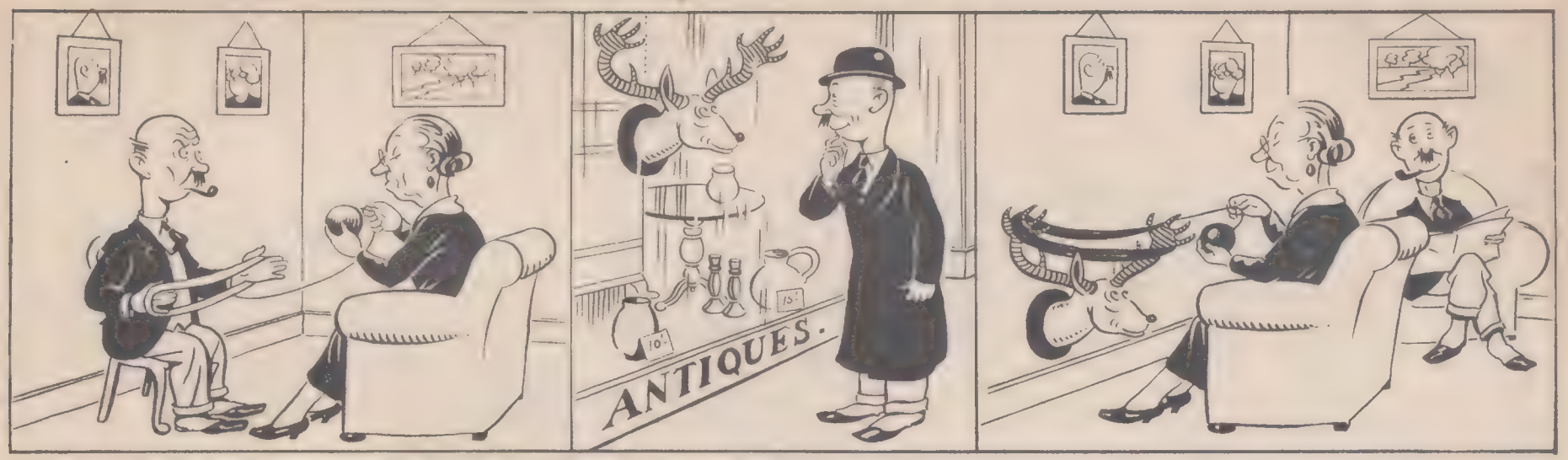
"Well, you see, chief, I press my trousers under the mattress and I didn't like to wake the missus."

"I'm no joinin'—ah just wanted to find oot ma correct weight."

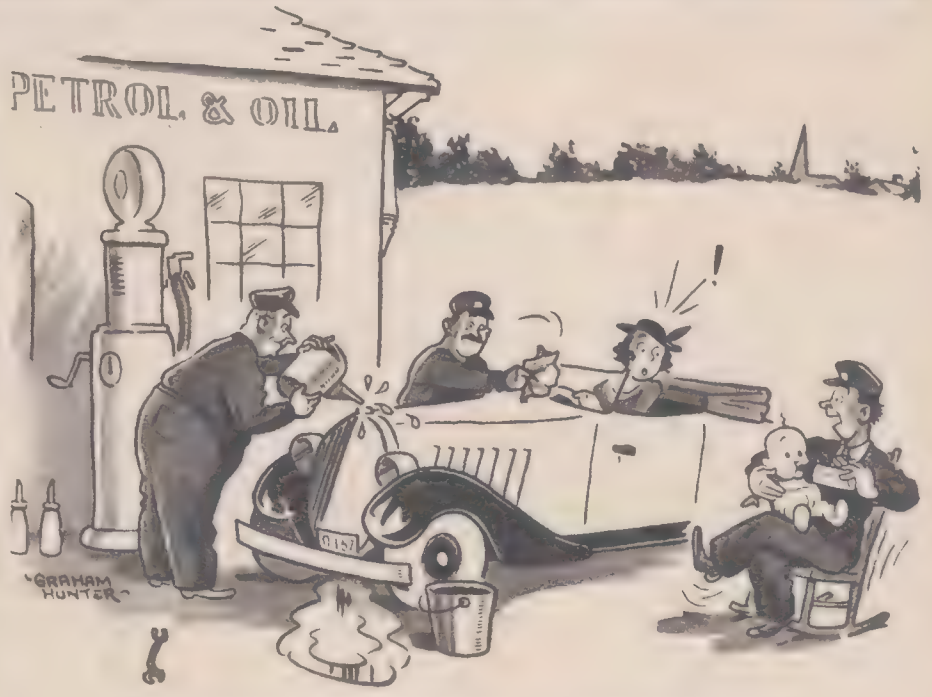
"I forgot my keys again and tried to sneak in through the cellar.

A MAN AND AN INCUBATOR

by A. C. BARRETT



" Certainly we'll give you a cooking badge, Jones—this tinned lobster is delicious."



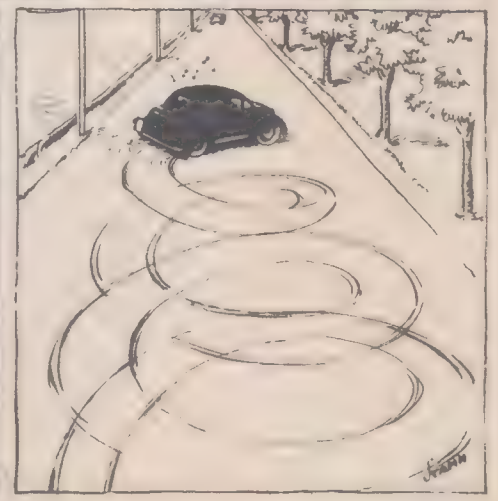
" Don't worry, ma'am, this is all part of our free service."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

" The poor dear—he must have got tired of waiting."
Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

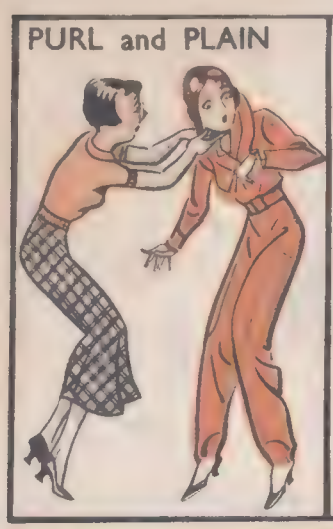
Member of the local bowling club throws his dog a bone.

" Darling, you will never guess what I am making here ; a cushion for our divan."
Fliegende Blatter, Munich.



The keen dancer hears a waltz on his motor wireless set.
Lustige Blatter, Berlin.

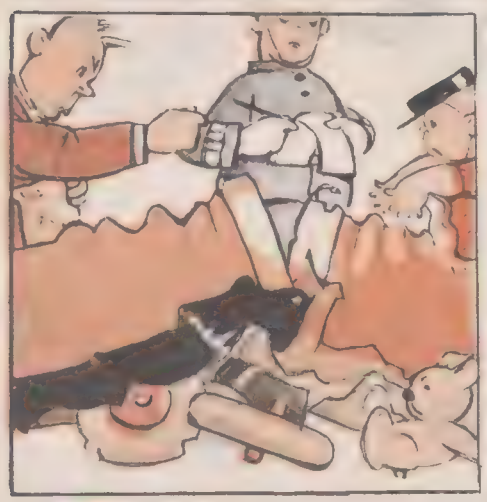
PURL and PLAIN

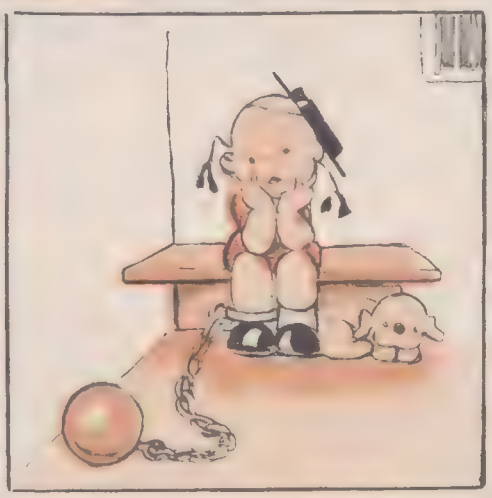


THE FLIGHTIES

HARRY DODD

MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says WOT A LIFE!



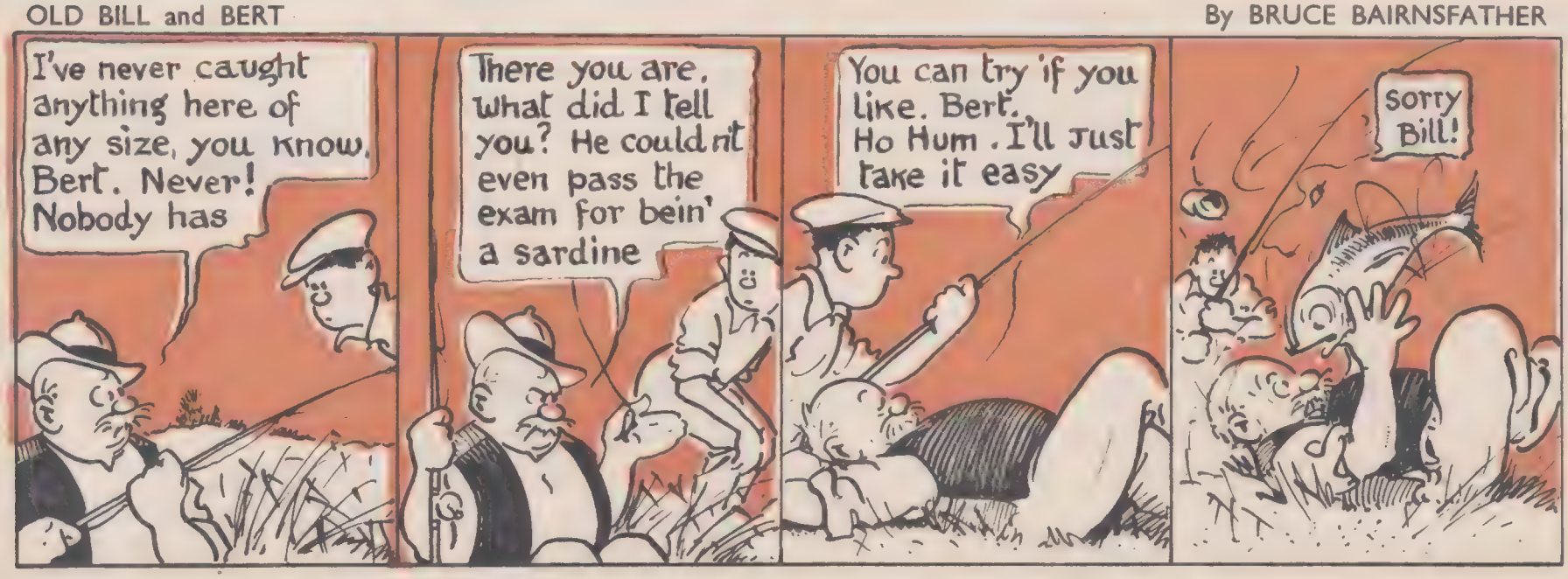


I stole a "joyride"— in some car
I've come to this conclusion—
It doesn't matter who you are
The "joy" part's mere delusion!

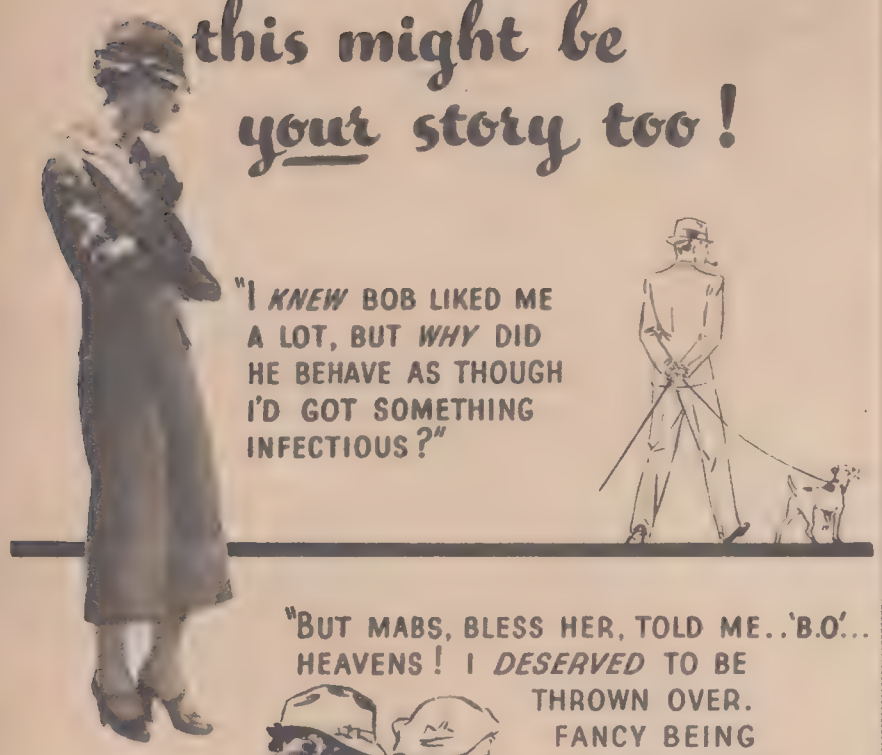
"I made concertinas before I became a tailor."

OLD BILL and BERT

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



this might be your story too!



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Continuing the Serial STOWAWAY *to* MARS

READ THIS FIRST

Machine-like monsters of incredible shapes and sizes have surrounded Dale Curtance, millionaire dare-devil aviator, and his friends, Doctor Grayson, Geoffrey Dugan and Andrew Froud, a journalist, who travelled to Mars in the space-ship *Gloria Mundi* to win a £1,000,000 prize. Already one of their party, Burns, the engineer, has been killed while trying to kidnap Joan Shirning, a beautiful stowaway, found in the space-ship just after they had left the earth. Joan said she wanted to go to Mars to vindicate her scientist father who was ridiculed for declaring that Mars was inhabited by machine-people. She offered her services as interpreter, saying she had learned to write in the language of Mars, which she proves when she is able to communicate with one of the machines that killed Burns, explaining where she came from. This machine immediately carries her off to a town where she meets a tall, red-skinned man to whom she repeats her story. Meanwhile the machine-people besieging Dale and his companions have been driven away by the arrival of another rocket near the hill on which they have taken refuge. They dash back to the *Gloria Mundi* to watch from her portholes the approach of what seem to be men.

NOW READ ON

DALE looked out of the window. The other rocket lay perhaps two miles away, her after-part just visible above the curve of a sandhill.

"But where the devil can she have come from?" he asked at large for approximately the tenth time.

"Heaven knows," said Froud. "Bigger than the *G. M.*, isn't she?"

"Difficult to tell. She may be nearer than she looks. Distance is so damned deceptive here."

The doctor joined them.

"What next?" he asked. "Do we look for Joan, or do we investigate the stranger?"

Dale frowned. "If we had any clue at all, I'd say look for her, but as it is, what can we do? We've not the slightest idea what happened to her, we daren't split up to search, in fact we can't even risk all four of us searching together. Honestly, I don't think there's much hope."

There was a long pause before Froud said, with unwonted diffidence:

"May I suggest that rather than investigate the stranger, as Doc puts it, we let the stranger investigate us? To tell you the truth, I'm beginning to feel that this place is far less healthy than we suppose; certainly it's not as empty as we thought, and it seems to me that if anyone is to be caught in the open either by the machines returning or by anything else that may show up, it would be better if it were the other fellows."

"And you, Dugan?" Dale asked.

Dugan looked round, his hand still on the valve of the oxygen chargers.

"I don't care. But I do know one thing: I want to get back to Earth, and I want to tell all those people who laughed at Joan and her father that they were right. Just now it all rather depends, doesn't it, on whether we've any chance of getting back at all?"

All three looked at Dale. He answered slowly:

"I think we have—anyway, we've more than a sporting chance of making it. You see, whereas six of us came here, it seems that only four will return. Besides, there are quite a number of heavy things such as rifles and ammunition which we can jettison. They'll be of no further use to us after we leave here."

Dugan nodded. "I hadn't thought of that. Well, then, I'm with Froud and Doc. Let the other rocket people come and look at us if they want to."

Several hours later Dale still sat by the window, keeping watch. Occasionally he looked across at one of the others, half enviously. He wished that he too could have lain down to catch up some overdue sleep, but he knew that it would be useless for him to attempt it while the problem of the other ship's identity remained unsolved.

Again he asked himself who could have sent her. The Keuntz people? Had he been misinformed about them after all? Yet who else in the world could have built a ship capable of it?

Then, on the crest of a rise in the direction of the other ship appeared a few black dots. Machines or men? He found the spare pair of glasses and focused them. Then he crossed hurriedly to the sleepers and shook them.

"Wake up, there!"

"Damn you," murmured Froud. "Machines back?"

"No, men from the other ship. Coming this way."

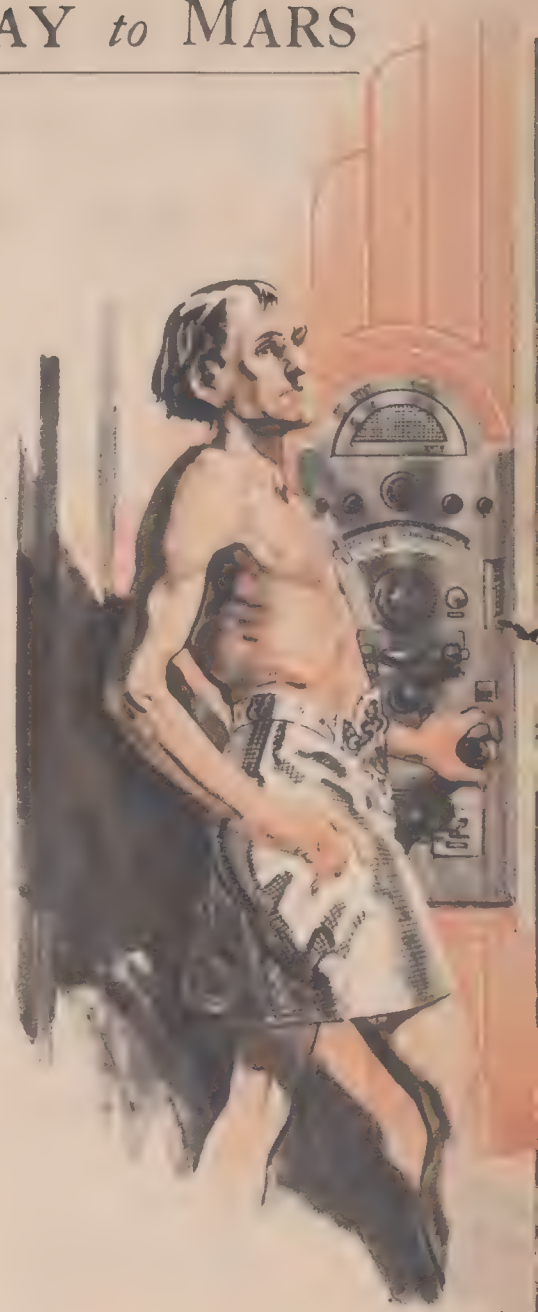
◆ ◆ ◆

They stopped in a room which led by a short passage off the third balcony level. The man signed to Joan to remain, and she seated herself on a box-like stool with a padded top while he disappeared through another doorway.

As she waited she examined the place by the light which diffused evenly from the entire ceiling. It was a bare, severely simple room. The furnishings consisted of several similar padded stools, one larger cube, presumably for use as a table, and a low, broad seat which might be either couch or bed, set against one of the walls. The side opposite the entrance was completely taken up by a single window through which she could see the great bulks of black buildings silhouetted against the moonlit sky and, between them, a glimpse of the desert stretching coldly away to infinity.

The floor and the solid walls were coloured a pale green. On the left was the opening through which her guide had gone, and to either side of it were set rectangular panels of a smoky-grey, glass-like substance suggesting more purpose than mere decoration. Here and there in the other walls narrow slits outlined the doors of cupboards or removable panels set flush. To the right, close to the end of the divan-like seat, she noticed a control board with a great show of levers and knobs.

The warmth of her padded overall became oppressive in the heated building, and the man returned to find her in the process of disentangling herself from it. He placed the two bowls of liquid which he was carrying upon the larger cube and approached with curiosity. Her leather suit seemed to puzzle him; he fingered it, feeling its texture, but could make nothing of it. She thought that he watched her with a faint amusement as she ran a comb through her hair.



The RIVAL

Momentous occasions so seldom came up to expectations, she told herself. This was a turning-point in history: the people of two planets were meeting for the first time—and she was behaving as if she had dropped in to pay a call. It was an occasion which called for one of those undying remarks with which historical characters have greeted the successive crises of the race. Instead, she was combing her hair. . . . Oh, well, there was no audience here; she could think up the immortal phrase later on—probably most of the historical characters had done the same. She smiled again at the Martian and took the bowl he was offering

The colourless liquid in it was not water. It had a faint, indeterminable flavour and a great consistency. Whatever it was, its tonic properties were immense; new strength and a feeling of well-being seemed to pour into her. The man nodded as if satisfied with the effect. He opened one of the panels in the right-hand wall and withdrew two trays of wax-like substance. He scratched the surface of one with a series of characters and handed it to her. The other he kept himself. Joan prepared to give her whole mind to her first lesson in spoken Martian.

The method of instruction appeared at first to be simple. He would write a word with which she was already familiar, saying it aloud at the same time, while she then attempted to repeat it after him. She had expected that the process of turning her written vocabulary into vocal would present no great difficulties. She saw herself able in a very short time to rattle off the words she held in her mind's eye. But her disillusionment was rapid. She found herself quite unable to grasp the principles of its expression.

To begin with she had it settled in her own mind that the characters were of the nature of phonetic signs—that a certain sign, for instance, could be said to represent "t." But she found that though it might represent "t" for the first two or three times she met it, it was just as likely to turn up in a word with no "t" value at all. As in English "c" may be either "k" or "s," and "s" may be either "c" or "z," so, but with much more bewildering variation, were the Martian characters capable of changing their values. Finer gradations in vowel sounds almost eluded her ear even after constant repetition, but worse still was the discovery of a number of consonants in the form of unfamiliar clicking sounds which utterly defeated her best efforts at imitation. It was no good that her teacher should sit opposite her, mouthing exaggeratedly in encouragement; they were

by JOHN BEYNON

Joan stared incredulously at the screen. "That's not the *Gloria Mundi*," she cried.

Space Ship

tricks his tongue had learned in early youth, her own refused to perform them.

At the end of two hours she faced her teacher with tears in her eyes. She could identify certain things in the room, the stools, the window, the bowls on the table, and that was almost the limit of her progress. She was both miserable and exasperated. There was so much she wanted to ask about himself, his city and the machines. To write all that, would be slow and tedious, moreover, she had quickly discovered the limitations of her own vocabulary.

She smoothed over her wax tray and wrote: "I can't understand. It is too difficult," with a sense that their minds were working by different rules, each incapable of grasping the difficulties which beset the other. Something of the same situation might have occurred, she felt, if Alice had tried to teach French to the Mad Hatter. It appeared, too, that the stimulating effect of the drink was wearing off, for she again felt tired and sleepy.

The man took the tray from her and read the message. He looked at her intently again, seeming to examine her from a new angle. After a pause he wrote beneath her own words:

"I could, if you like, try——"

She could not understand the final word: it was new to her, but she agreed almost without hesitation. Disgusted with her own failure to learn, but still more desperately anxious to know his language, she scarcely cared what means he took to achieve it as long as they were successful. His own expression was not entirely confident.

"With us it would be certain," he wrote, "but your mind may be different. I will try."

She allowed him to lead her across to the divan and lay down there as he directed. He drew one of the stools close beside it and sat down, holding her gaze unwaveringly with his own. His eyes seemed to lose all expression. They no longer looked at hers, but through them as though they were exploring the mind behind: compelling and examining with utter impersonality her most secret thoughts.

A moment of panic seized her as her feelings revolted against the invasion of her privacy, and she tried to shake his visual hold, but his eyes broke down her resistance, forbidding her even to close her lids. The room began to whirl, becoming unreal and distorted as though it were slipping away. Not only the room, but herself and everything about her was slipping away. Only the eyes in a blurred face remained steady. Her own clung to them as to the only fixtures in a reeling universe.

◆ ◆ ◆

It was as though she were waking from sleep, yet with a sense of exhaustion. The eyes were still fixed on her own, but as she watched they lost intensity as if they withdrew from her into themselves. The face about them became clear and then the room beyond. Here sense of time had gone awry; it seemed both long ago and yet only a few minutes since she had lain down, but she could see that outside there was complete darkness and both the moons had set. She turned her head back to face the man on the stool once more.

"I'm so tired," she said. "I want to sleep."

"You shall," he said. He carefully rearranged the rug which she had not known was covering her.

Not until he had gone from the room did she realize that he had understood her, and she, him.

At her second waking he was beside her again, offering her a bowl of the same colourless liquid that she had drunk the night before. The sun was shining into the room from the clear, purplish sky. She did not speak until she had handed the empty bowl back to him.

"Your name is Vaygan?" she asked, but before he could answer she added: "Of course it is. I *know* it is, but I don't understand how I know it. It's strange—I'm speaking your language now, but I feel as if it were my own. I don't have to think about it. You hypnotised me?"

"Something like that," he agreed, "but more complex. I put you into a trance and taught you. It is difficult to explain simply. One can in certain circumstances and for certain purposes alter the mind. No, 'alter' is the wrong word. It is more as if one inserted a new section of knowledge in the mind. Tell me, how do you feel now?"

"Rather bewildered," Joan smiled.

She demanded to know more of the machines, of life on Mars, of himself and his people. The questions poured out in a string, making him smile.

"You are so eager," he said, as if in apology. "So anxious to learn. We must have been like that once—long ago."

"Long ago?"

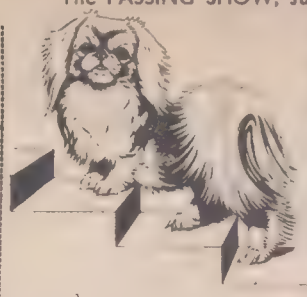
"I meant when our race was young. We are old now: our planet is old: we are born old compared with the oldest of you. Had you come just a few centuries later, you might have found no men; our long history would have ended. You ask of life on Mars. I scarcely know how to answer you, for life, to you, is a thing of promise, whereas for us—but I shall show you. This city you are in was called—is called Hanno. It is the biggest of the seven cities which are still inhabited, yet there are no more than three thousand men and women in it now. Fewer and fewer children are born to us. Perhaps that is well. Each generation only prolongs our decay. We have had a glorious past—but a glorious past is bitterness for a child with a hopeless future. For you who think of life as striving, it will be difficult to understand."

"But can you do nothing?" Joan asked. "You must know so much. Can't you find out why less children are born, and cure it?"

"We could, perhaps, but is it worth it? Would you wish to bear a child for a life of imprisonment—able to live only in our artificial conditions such as this? We have tried all we can. We have even created monsters; scarcely human creatures, which were able to live in the thin air. But it needs more than mere physical strength to survive on a planet such as this, where nothing useful as food can grow. Our monsters were too unintelligent to survive—we ourselves, too, unadapted physically. Life as you see it means very little to us now. Quite soon we shall be gone and there will be only the machines."

"The Machines?" Joan repeated. "What are the Machines? They are the puzzle which brought me here." She told him of the machine which had somehow reached Earth. "I felt nervous of

(*continued on page* 24)



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Continuing

The RIVAL SPACE SHIP

it," she owned, "and I felt nervous of your machines last night. I think that is the first reaction of all of us to our own machines. Some never get beyond it, others get used to it, but when we think of machines we feel that in spite of all they have given us and all they do for us, there is something malignant about them. Their very presence forces us down ways we do not want to go. We have felt that since we first had them; there have been books, plays, pictures with the malevolence of the Machine for their theme. The idea persists of the eventual conquest of man by the Machine. You don't seem to see them like that."

Vaygan was first puzzled and then amused.

"You are determined to assume an antagonism between machines and men. You don't understand them. It's your persistent mishandling of them that makes you afraid of them. Why should there be antagonism? There was a time when we could not exist without them nor they without us, and now, though that no longer holds, the collaboration continues. Doubtless if they wished they could make an end of us to-day, but why should they? We are doomed inevitably; they will go on."

"You mean that they will survive you?" Joan asked incredulously.

"Certainly they will survive. I think that if you were to dig down deeply into our real motives you would find that the chief reason why we have not committed suicide or died out already from discouragement at the futility of existence, is our faith in the machines. For many thousands of years we have fought Nature and held our own, but at last she has the upper hand. She is sweeping us away as she has swept the rest on to her huge rubbish heap, where the bones of the dinosaurs moulder on the fossils of a million ages. What has been the good of us? Nothing, it seems, and yet . . . our minds will not accept that. There lingers, perhaps illogically, the idea of a purpose behind it all. . . . But physically we can go on no longer.

"For any other species of animal it would mean utter extinction, but we have what the other animals have never had—mind. That is our last trick. Our minds will not die yet. The machines are as truly the children of our minds as you are the child of your mother's body. They are the next step in evolution, we hand over to them."

Joan shrugged her shoulders. She said, with hesitation:

"I can't really understand. Our machines are so very different. The bare idea of an intelligent machine is difficult for me to grasp."

"You have discovered the machine so lately—you have no broad idea yet of what you have found."

"We have got far enough to build a machine which could bring us here——"

She stopped abruptly. For these hours she had completely forgotten her companions of the *Gloria Mundi*. She had last seen them standing disarmed beside the great canal while Burns led her away. She wondered with a rush of remorseful anxiety how they had fared; whether they, too, had fallen victims to the things that moved in the bushes. Turning to Vaygan again, she asked not very hopefully if he had news of them. He smiled at her tone.

"Certainly. I will show them to you if you like."

"Show me?"

He turned a switch on the board beside her. One of the grey panels shone translucently. The scene was blurred, but as he worked the controls it cleared, steadied and focused. One seemed to be looking down on desert scrub and a part of the canal from a great height. In one corner of the screen there gleamed a small silvery bullet shape. He made another adjustment. With a dizzying effect, as though she were falling towards it, Joan watched the rocket enlarge until it filled the whole screen. She frowned a little; it looked wrong somehow—perhaps an odd effect of perspective? Vaygan manipulated his instrument to give a view as of one walking slowly round the ship. Joan grew more puzzled, but not until they had, in effect, rounded the nose did she speak.

"But that's not the *Gloria Mundi*," she said. "It's got queer letters on it; I can't read them. I don't understand what's happened."

Vaygan looked incredulous.

"But—wait a minute." He pressed another switch. A metallic voice came from another speaker. Vaygan asked a question and listened attentively to the reply. He turned back to Joan.

"They say another rocket landed two hours before dawn."

"Then this must be it, but where is ours?"

He altered the switches. Again the panel appeared as a window through which they saw the scene from far above. The country seemed to move slowly beneath them as on a panorama. A second silver shell came into view.

"There she is," Joan said quickly.

Again there came that uncanny sense of falling. This time there was no doubt. She could read *Gloria Mundi* in large letters just abaft the cabin windows. Through the fused quartz of the window she was even able to make out Dale's features. He was staring intently at something beyond their field of view. Before she could suggest it, Vaygan had altered the controls to show a party of men crossing the sand with that odd, high-stepping action which the low gravity induced. She noticed that they wore oxygen masks of an unfamiliar pattern and that they carried rifles.

"The men from the other rocket," she said.

"Your friends don't seem pleased to see them," he remarked.

Again the screen altered. The familiar living-room of the *Gloria Mundi* appeared so that Joan was almost able to believe herself seated in it. She could see Dale's back as he stood staring out of the window. The doctor was rubbing his eyes and yawning. Dugan had taken a pistol from a locker and was loading a clip with cartridges. Froud had set up a movie-camera beside Dale at the window. He was attempting to prevent all three legs of the tripod from slipping on the metal floor, and to work the instrument at the same time.

"We will listen to them, and you shall tell me what they are saying," Vaygan suggested. He pressed over another small switch.

An eruption of outrageous profanity in Froud's voice tore through the room.

Vaygan looked startled.

"What was that?" he asked.

Joan laughed.

"Quite untranslatable, I'm afraid. Poor dear! How I must have cramped his style all these weeks."

"—And may the accursed thing blister in hell," Froud hoped fervently.

Dugan slipped the loaded pistol into his pocket and joined them.

"Who the dickens do you think they are?" he asked. The question was directed at Dale, but it was Froud who answered.

"Well, there's one thing they're not, and that's Martians. See the way they keep on nearly falling over themselves? Wonder if we looked as damn silly at first?" he said, as he set the camera going.

The approaching party stopped a hundred yards away and appeared to consult. Of the six men, the tallest was obviously the leader. They watched him raise his arm and point to the Union Jack which Dale had set up. He made some remark which amused the rest. Dale frowned as he watched, not so much at their actions as at his inability to identify the leader. The oxygen masks worn by all six were fitted with goggles and completely obscured the faces save for chins and mouths.

The party resumed its clumsy advance, making for the window. In the *Gloria Mundi's* living-room there was silence save for the clicking of the camera. Froud broke it.

"This ought to make a good picture: 'March of the Bogey Men of Mars,'" he said.

A few paces away the newcomers halted again. One could catch the gleam of eyes behind the glasses, but it was still impossible to identify the features. The leader was looking at Dale. He was making signs, pointing first to himself and then to the *Gloria Mundi*. Dale hesitated, then he held up three fingers and nodded, indicating the position of the entrance. He turned to Dugan.

"See to the airlock, but don't let more than three of them in, to begin with."

Dugan crossed the room and pulled over the lever opening the outer door. The glow of a small bulb told him that someone had stepped into the lock. He pressed back the lever, spun the wheel of a stopcock and watched the pointer of the pressure dial slide back from the neighbourhood of seven towards the normal fifteen pounds.

The inner door of the lock swung open and the tall man entered, stooping a little to avoid striking his head. Inside the room he straightened up and then raised his hand to slip the mask from a long, tanned face. His black, deep sunk eyes watched Dale keenly as he nodded a greeting.

"How do you do, Mr. Curtance?" he said. He spoke in good enough English, but it lacked tonal variation. He turned to the journalist.

"Hullo, Froud."

Froud's mouth opened, he blinked slightly and quickly recovered himself.

"Well! Well! Well!" he remarked.

"You might introduce me," the man suggested.

"Of course. Gentlemen, may I present Comrade Karaminoff, he is Commissar of——" He broke off. "What are you Commissar of just now?" he inquired.

The tall man shrugged. "Suppose you say Commissar without portfolio at present. One hopes in time to be Commissar for Inter-planetary Affairs."

Dale stepped forward. He spoke brusquely:

"Are we to understand that you are the commander of a ship sent here by the Russian Government?"

"That is so, Mr. Curtance. The *Tovaritch* of the U.S.S.R."

"The *Tovaritch*! But the rumours of her existence were expressly denied by your government."

"Yes, it seemed politic to us—after all, it was our own affair. The Americans kept quiet about theirs, too."

The entire personnel of the *Gloria Mundi* gaped at him stupidly.

"The Americans! Good God! You don't mean to say that they've got one, too?"

"But certainly. The Keuntz people. Your information does not seem to have been very full, Mr. Curtance."

Next Week:

JOAN'S ROMANCE

Rush Hour

A MORNING of hard work is apt to sharpen anybody's appetite and Williams was in rather a hurry to catch the bus that would take him home to his midday meal.

But lunch hour is rush hour. Other people are hastening for the same reason . . . Williams' next meal he ate in hospital. A car caught him in the back and he was picked up with a broken collar-bone.

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The Gentle Art of— Keeping

If you can, take life easily, observe the rules and you will be cool even in flaming June.

LIFE is one great and interminable struggle to maintain the integrity of the tissues; it is an incessant battle against germs ever threatening to destroy the protoplasm of which the body is composed. Having endowed us with a marvellous machine for the production of energy, and having provided us with the individual means of directing that machine by ascribing to each and every one of us the power of personality, Nature sets us the never-ceasing task of keeping body and soul inseparable.

To some it is a constant trial; to others merely a matter of obeying the simplest instincts and following the natural urges wherever they may lead. Whatever way we may look at the problem of life, the reward we crave for most of all is a greater or lesser measure of that supreme emotion of happiness. If perfect health is attained, then perfect happiness is not far away.

Why We Mustn't

What is the quickest and best way of reaching our ideal? The answer to this and many another question of the same kind is sought after by the modern woman, who wants to know why we do this or why we do that, and why we mustn't drink one type of fluid, or why we must stick to a certain kind of bread.

Yet science has simple answers to every question, and Nature has an easily-obeyed law for all our actions.

Summer is here, and it is a suitable time to take stock of our reactions to the many influences of both the organism and the environment. Let us read our barometers and our thermometers and find how we are accommodating ourselves to the dominating factors that determine the true course of our daily living process.

The human being is never two moments the same. He is founded on a pattern that, for all practical purposes, is the old Adam of the Garden of Eden; he has a certain make-up that has remained constant for thousands and thousands of years. Little or no difference can be discovered by the expert anatomists and physiologists in the structure and functions of the Eskimo and the South Sea Islander. Yet a moment's reflection will show that conditions affecting these types are widely divergent. We overcome this by steadily making minute changes in the protoplasm.

We use powers that can only be described as supernatural. Man has never been able to invent or to build a machine that has the sensitivity, the range, the delicacy of the human body. Call the energy electrical if you will, it is something that is intrinsically bound up in the brain and is all powerful to add to the cells of this tissue, to increase the concentration of that body fluid, and to do a hundred and one other miracles. It is something that governs with supreme equanimity the millions of activities going on night and day within the framework of our flesh and blood. It is something that holds the reins and keeps us to the set course.

And So You're Ill

When we go off that course, usually as result of self-will and obstinate and flagrant disobedience of Nature's laws, we are reminded, gently or harshly as the case may be, by the condition called illness, that we had better put our house in order, and so long as we dilly-dally over the reparative process, so long does the malady remain to prompt our memory. That is the matter of sickness in a nutshell.

Perhaps the outstanding demand made on us by a reasonable Nature is that we should keep our bodies constantly at a certain degree of heat. The physiologists of old were accustomed to formulate several essentials of life, these including a certain amount of food, a certain amount of oxygen, a certain amount of water, and so on. But in the light of modern investigation and discovery, we find that life can be explained much more simply as something that demands for its very existence the modicum of heat-energy which has to be provided. Movement, with all its mechanical processes, is another great outcome of bodily activity, but movement is dependent on heat, and indeed influences heat very greatly.

Knowing then that heat is the be-all of our optimum existence, we are faced with the problem of its production. Heat is provided by burning coal, or its product, gas, or its derivative, electricity, in the presence of oxygen, which is everywhere in the air. Exactly similar is the state of affairs in the human protoplasm. The fuel we take is in the form of food; the gas in which it is slowly burned is the oxygen taken in by the lungs from the air at every breath; the output is warmth —the condition that brings comfort and a feeling of well-being to us, allowing us to enjoy life to the full.

Modern Knowledge

Now not all the foods are fuel in the true sense of the word; a certain proportion (chiefly of nitrogenous or meaty type) goes to build up the body in the growing boy or girl, or to repair worn-out tissues in the adult. Yet the fact remains that the greater part of our food is required as fuel. The fats of animal or vegetable, the starches and the sugars, all these go to create energy and heat necessary for the harmony of bodily performance. It is a reflection of the era in which we live that recent public interest and legislation has been centred on this most vital element of our common heritage.

Probably at no time has the mind of the man in the street been so clear as to the main points of dietetics and nourishment of himself and of his wife and family.

SERVICE

for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

by Dr. Douglas Hay Scott

Food-values have become established as indisputable elements of domestic economy.

With all this knowledge of the physiology of nutrition, it is inevitable that thinking men and women should be fascinated by the further study associated with the other methods of altering the body heat. It is all very well to say that we provide the fuel in the form of protein, fat, carbohydrate, mineral salts, vitamins and water, and that the digestive and absorptive systems do the rest, but Nature has another wonderful thing to show us in the method she uses to keep that body of ours at the steady and healthy temperature of 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit. Just as she has a system of putting the source of energy within us, so she has cutely devised a routine of conserving or getting rid of the heat according to the bodily needs.

This opens up the great subject of respiration which concerns not only the lungs, but also every cell of the protoplasm, every corpuscle of the blood. The rate of burning of the fire is controlled by the intake of oxygen; the more heat we require the more valiantly should we breathe. The panting of the athlete who has just broken the record for the hundred yards proves that; his body is making strenuous efforts to replace the energy lost by being diverted into muscular channels to give him power of extraordinary effort.

The sudden call on the reserves has used up the available heat, and has also used up the heart of the fire. More oxygen is needed to breeze it up a bit.

Normally, of course, heat loss is taking place every second of the day. That is where the importance of the seasons comes in. In winter, the outside atmosphere is cold and tends to remove as much as possible of the body-heat from us; our job is to keep in the heat, and so we wear woollen clothes and more of them than we do in summer. As the sun becomes stronger and the winds more balmy, the body finds that it actually has some difficulty in getting rid of its heat, and thus we resort to scanty attire and to cool places. Although the breath gets rid of a certain amount of body-heat, the great distributor of surplus warmth is the skin, which through its millions of pores and its pints of imperceptible sweat, carries off a tremendous amount of excess heat-energy every day.

Life, then, is the simple adjustment of all the above mechanisms, and it so happens that we have learned by instinct and experience how to help Nature and how to reduce our possible discomfort to a minimum. First of all, we vary our intake of food and drink according to the season. Secondly, we alter the calibre of our clothing. Thirdly, we take advantage of air currents and other elements that have a cooling quality. Lastly, we modify the muscular work of the body.

At the approach of summer every year, women especially become very worried over the questions of their reactions to the changing conditions. It is all very well to stick to the maxims of not casting the clout until the hawthorn is in bloom on the hedgerows, and so on, but modern human beings want something far more definite than that. What is the best course to adopt?

3,000 *a Day*

In the first place, everybody should know which are the heat-producing foods, the vitamin foods, and the building foods. With a clear conception of the relative values of each ounce of food, the diet can be modified according to requirements.

The average person requires in moderate weather about three thousand calories a day, which is a liberal ration. In hot weather we might manage on half; it all depends upon how much work we are doing. In short, the amount of calories we take depends upon the climate and the occupation.

Now consider this list. In order, the heat-producing foods, weight for weight, ranging from 250 calories to 10 calories per ounce, are dripping, lard, butter, margarine, chocolate, bacon, cheese, oatmeal, thick cream, pork, dried peas, sugar, dried beans, dried lentils, ham, macaroni, flour, sago, tapioca, rice, fat beef, jam, currants, marmalade, raisins, fat mutton, honey, white bread, syrup, brown bread, lean meat, salmon, chicken, sardines, herrings, eggs, liver, lean mutton, rabbit, green peas, potatoes, plums, milk, bananas, tripe, apples, beetroot, carrots, oranges, greens, turnips, and onions. Most of the other fruits and vegetables have a negligible calorie-value.

Now take with these the foods containing vitamins. These are butter, cream, milk, halibut and cod liver, ox liver, most animal fats, herring, yolk of egg, yeast, peas, beans, lentils, green vegetables, and fresh fruit, tomatoes, lemons and oranges.

Take it easily

Then try to remember the digestibility of foods. These run from easy digestibility to difficult digestibility, in the following order: oysters, soft-boiled eggs, sweetbreads, boiled white fish, boiled chicken, lean roast beef, lean steak, scrambled eggs, tripe, roast mutton, fried bacon, roast chicken, liver, roast lamb, mutton cutlets, veal, ham, rabbit, salmon, herring, pork.

With a good working knowledge of these facts and knowing that plenty of cold water at all times, and as much ice and other cooling drinks as convenient are to be recommended in hot weather, it ought to be quite easy to devise a meal with the minimum of calories and the maximum of vitamins, a meal easily digested, and with no bad after-effects.

Dietetic indiscretions, however, may be overcome by gentle exercise such as, for instance, is involved in quiet horse-riding, or walking at a moderate pace for two miles, or bathing in a quiet sea. To attempt to counteract excessive fuelling of the body by vigorous muscular work is harmful. Hot days demand plenty of salads, fruits and fluids; they urge the need of free evaporation from the skin; they veto everything that is too strenuous. Take life easily, therefore, and observe the rules, and you will be calm and cool even in flaming June.

Come to
HOTEL SILVRETTA
KLOSTERS
The Swiss Beauty Spot where Happiness Reigns

KLOSTERS—valley of a thousand delights nestling among the mountains and glaciers—a flowery valley with a lovely bathing lake, ELECTRICALLY HEATED. Come to Klosters this year. Stay at the SILVRETTA HOTEL where £7 12s. per week provides accommodation, three meals daily, service, daily bath, transport of luggage from and to station, and all taxes and tips. Informal dancing every evening—daily concerts—gala nights. Excursions to the Glacier—picnic parties—motor trips—everything to make it the holiday of a lifetime. Travel by the short sea route to Basle.
Detach and send the coupon below, or write direct to Mr. Meisser, Silvretta Hotel, mentioning the "Passing Show."

HOTEL SILVRETTA

To Reginald Harris,
"Passing Show" Travel Bureau,
57 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me information about the Silvretta Hotel, Klosters.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

SEND COUPON NOW

"I use Pepsodent tooth paste – do you?"

Every day—twice a day, I use PEPSODENT—the creamy soft tooth paste that keeps my teeth white and sparkling.

My dentist told me that even naturally white teeth soon become dull with Film if it is not removed regularly. Film is always forming, it absorbs stains which spoil good-looking teeth. Now I remove Film that's all I need worry about. I know my teeth are safe.

I use Pepsodent which is specially made to remove Film—and *keep* my teeth white. Do you?

COSTS 1/- AND 1/9 IN NEW LARGER TUBES

New! PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

If you prefer a powder try this . . . new . . . *different* from any dentifrice you've ever used. Contains special cleansing and polishing agents which clean teeth quickly, effectively and safely. No soap—yet it foams pleasantly and penetrates between the teeth, refreshing the entire mouth with its invigorating flavour. Try it. See coupon.

FREE SAMPLE – PASTE or powder

Pepsodent, Ltd. (Dept. 68) Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10

Send me free sample of
Pepsodent Tooth Paste ☐ (tick which you require)
Pepsodent Tooth Powder ☐

I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Name

Address

Only one sample to a family. (Not applicable in I.F.S.) 51-E-B

Tattoo your lips!

Gay South Sea-ish red that makes lovely lips still lovelier

New heart-throbbing red with real devil in it—Tattoo "Hawaiian"! Out-daring all other lipstick—yet softly, warmly, feminine. Extremely transparent, truly *indelible*—positively won't turn purplish! Four other glorious, gorgeous Tattoo shades. Simply put Tattoo on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off—only the COLOUR stays. There are your lips . . . beckoning adventure! Soft and alluring . . . with transparent stain . . . instead of greasy, pasty coating!

4/6

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL SIZE

To Tattoo Ltd. (Dept. T.)
St. John's Gate Buildings,
London, E.C. 1.

For 6d. enclosed (stamps or P.O.), please send me generous Trial Size Tattoo in beautiful metal case. (Mark a cross in colour desired). CORAL ☐
EXOTIC ☐ NATURAL ☐ PASTEL ☐ HAWAIIAN ☐

Tattoo, Ltd.

Name .....

Address .....

P81636

TATTOO

UNSIGHTLY HAIRS . . .

. . . Kill Romance

Nothing destroys a woman's charm in the eyes of a man so much as ugly superfluous hair. Yet no woman dare use a razor, because it simply makes the hair grow faster, and all depilatory pastes hitherto known have been evil smelling and dangerous. Now Science has discovered a perfumed toilet cream called New Veet which ends unwanted hair in 3 minutes. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. The hair simply falls away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface. New Veet is just like a sweetly scented toilet cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. Prices 6d. and 1/3.

A COMPLETE STORY *by* GILBERT HORSLER

Straight from Paris

"Any gal vould lov' zis," she said.

"AN' tell 'em . . . their hoods are rotten . . . all moth holes . . . the sizes are wrong, and the colours are two seasons old." Amos Benn retilted his hat to its customary angle as the typist commenced to reduce his verbal fireworks to the polite fiction of commercial usage.

"Nothing like ticking these foreigners off, to get a bigger discount," soliloquised the manufacturer, as he stubbed his cigar-end on the polished mahogany desk. "When you buy a line cheap, try and get it still cheaper. That's business, my gal." He gazed complacently at his bull-doggy reflection, and then, thoughtfully, gave his bowler hat just that one little tilt more.

At this moment, the sudden sharp tinkle of the showroom bell sent him scampering from the office. Unceremoniously he pushed aside an alert salesman. "That's Doyle, of Lion Ticket," he snapped. "I'll attend to him myself."

Pulling down the corners of his waistcoat, he stalked majestically along the main aisle of the showroom, passing through an avenue of what would have been—to the average feminine mind—a paradise of sheer delight. On every side, piled on counters, hung on pegs, and even strewn with careful negligence over the spotless, polished lino floor, were hats. Ladies hats of every possible style, shape, colour and trimming. Here, heaped in orderly disorder, were enough "exclusive" models to stock an ordinary milliner's shop three times over.

Amos Benn found himself confronted by a tall, dignified man of consciously important aspect.

"My dear Mr. Doyle, I am delighted to see you." Benn was immediately all affability. "Come right inside, sir."

With the air of a victorious general in conquered territory, the buyer strolled leisurely through the showroom. As he walked, he picked up an occasional hat, inspected it and then dropped it again; much as a cat might disdain a piece of tainted meat. A deep sigh from the manufacturer heralded the flop of each successive discarded sample. At last:

"Have a cigar, Mr. Doyle."

Ominously the buyer shook his head. "No thanks, Amos," he declined. "Although, if your cigars are as well seasoned as your designs, they should be a good smoke, but then, cigars, I believe, improve with age." He smiled genially at his own witticism.

"I've always reckoned my designer to be one of the best in the trade," said Amos stiffly.

"Was, Amos . . . was." The buyer swung a hat delicately between finger and thumb. "Her Diamond Jubilee samples were doubtless irreproachable, but we've moved on a reign or two since then. Why don't you get out something smart and snappy, like Leatherbottom for instance. Something a flapper wants to wear, not something her grandmother *had* to wear."

"Leatherbottom!" snorted Amos. "A fat lot he knows about the trade."

Doyle rested a hand on the other's shoulder. "Now, Amos," he said. "We've done business together for a good many years and there is no man in the town with whom I would rather trade, but, candidly, you must strike a new note or I shall be forced to give Leatherbottom your usual order. I'll be in again in a fortnight for my early Autumn range. See what you can do."

The manufacturer controlled his feelings admirably until the door had swung closed on the heels of his disappointing customer, then his emotions got the better of him, and with a savage kick he drove one of the discarded hats hurtling through the air. It was a sample which had cost his maligned designer three hours hard work and a sick headache.

"Well shot, sir! Well shot indeed!"

Amos looked up with scowling visage at the tall, pleasant-faced young man who had dexterously fielded the crumpled hat.

"What's biting you, guvnor?" inquired the newcomer.

Amos regarded the child of his bosom with almost as much distaste as the buyer had shown for his samples. "A pretty fine partner you are," he grumbled.

"Doyle's been in. He says that our stuff wouldn't get an order out of Noah. And that that old plug-ugly Leatherbottom is showing designs that will be new the year after next. If you were half a man you'd do something about it."

Philip Benn shrugged expressively. "What do you expect me to do? Design the things myself? I had nothing to do with the engaging of Sarah Godfrey; she was part of the stock-in-trade when I was still at school. Of course, we want a new designer. I've known that for years."

"Well, we've got to get something with a bit of bite in it before Doyle's next visit, or we will lose the Lion Ticket account. It's up to you to use those brains you are always boasting about, so . . . get busy." With which final ultimatum, the elder man stalked back to his interrupted correspondence.

Strongly religious, Sarah Godfrey was the shining light of a tiny Mission sect who, cheerlessly believing in their own exclusive salvation, coupled with the certain damnation of the rest of sinning humanity, regarded their more worldly brethren from the heights of a cold and austere superiority.

Many years in the privileged position of designer had done nothing to lessen this superiority complex where Sarah individually was concerned, and in a trade which boasts of the independence of its workers, this is an attitude that is more than likely to lead to complications.

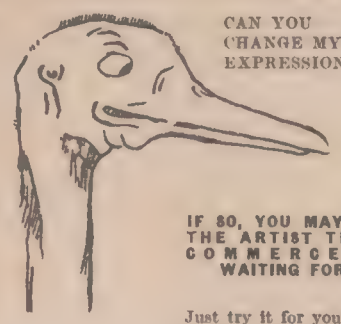
Sarah, requiring a special hood "pulling over" for a new idea she had in mind, sent a small, and cheeky, subordinate to the steaming room with an urgent demand. But alas, of all hat workers, steamers are the most independent, and they do not like having a line interrupted for the sake of one hat.

After sending several terse messages, and receiving equally terse and much ruder replies, Sarah set out to investigate for herself.

The steaming room of Benns' was of the old fashioned kind, long and narrow. At a wooden bench which ran the length of the room, a line of men stood at work. In front of each man was a pile of felt "hoods." These hoods are originally formed in the shape of a cone, and it is the work of the steamer to pull them over wooden blocks which have been carved to the shape of the particular hat desired.

Now it is impossible to stretch a dry piece of felt into anything but its own form, so, before being "pulled over" the hood must be thoroughly impregnated with steam. It's hot work, and when it is remembered that in addition to a head of steam sufficient to drive a small locomotive there were, in this particular room, three hydraulic presses which also had to be kept

(*continued on page* 30)



CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

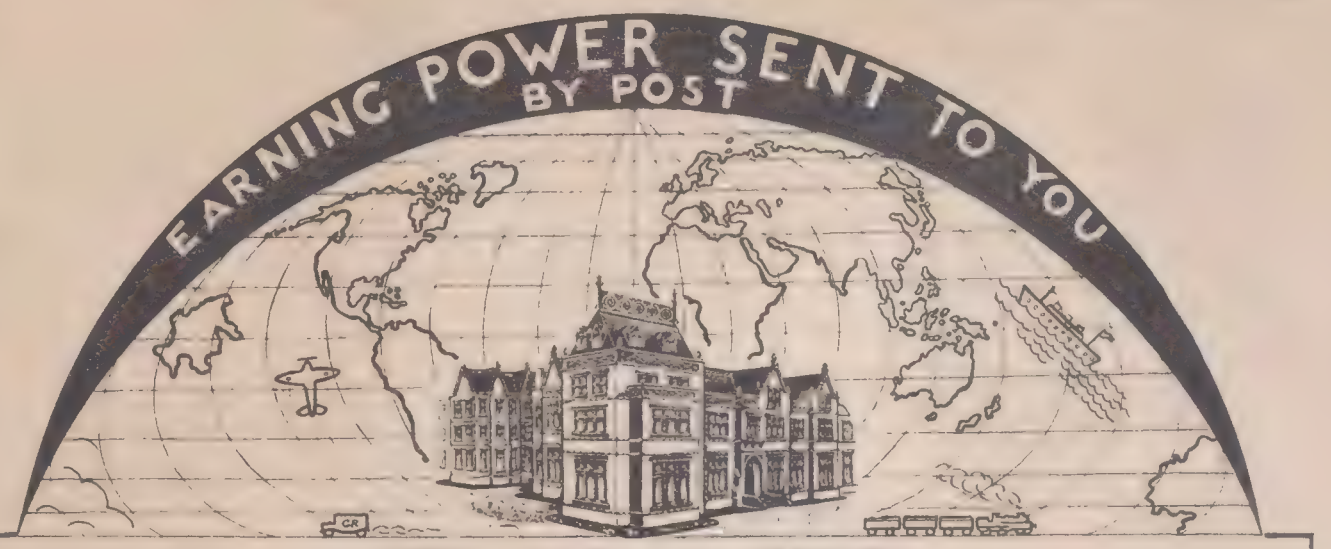
IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR

Just try it for yourself. Trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc.

60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists," who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted,** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a **FREE TRIAL** and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

ART DEPT. 3



OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that: we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill these jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound, practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. Yours sincerely,

J. H. Bennett

YOU CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY

Accountancy Examinations
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A.M.I. Fire E. Exam.
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Motor Engineering
Motor Trade
Municipal and County Engineers
Naval Architecture
Pattern Making
Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Service Engineering
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Shipbuilding
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
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Transport Inst. Exams.
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Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your requirements above, write to us on any subject.

Also ask for our New Book (Free of Charge)
THE HUMAN MACHINE
Secrets of Success

THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD.,
(Dept. 3), SHEFFIELD.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET INTO A SKILLED KEY POSITION

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

H. BROOM
The World's Premier Physical Expert

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COURSE of ALL TIME

Never in Physical Culture History have Results been Known to Equal These

FATHERS! You want that lad of yours to be a better man than his Father? I do, and if the "International Course" had done nothing else it would have repaid me in the Physique of my son . . . born under air raid conditions, to-day he is stronger at 17 than most men. Give your lad a chance to help himself, equip him with Health, Vigour, Determination and, above all, Mental Control. Apart from giving him qualities which will enable him to hold his own in LIFE'S Battles, you are teaching him to develop those factors so necessary in his business life . . .

HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THOUSANDS:—

J. R. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6 lb. increase in weight.
G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.
E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.
J. Shackle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.
J. Farraty, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.
J. T. Garrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.
L. D. O. Lee Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.
S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1½ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.
R. G. Steadman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.
L. Rose, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep. 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.
E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days, 11 lb. biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.
W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.
R. Meleff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements, but robust health. Gained 7 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.
L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30s.
C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.
F. A. Strutman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.
L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.
E. Penn: Increases 1st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.
F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest neck and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.
Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in., forearm 1½ in.

ERIC BROOM at 15

THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story. . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own body-weight, which had stood still for 20 years and 30 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 17, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . not luck, but results.

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 26,186 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials.

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published.

85 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

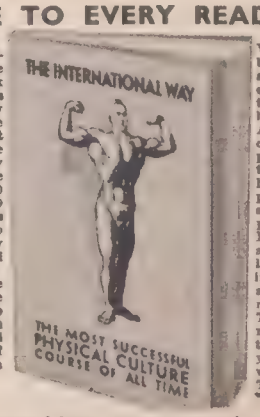
Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountants' Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

FREE TO EVERY READER!

I have published an instructional book entitled "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World-Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.



What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and, above all, they are realisable.

The book is *free*, but costs me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed. So write for your FREE copy TO-DAY.

In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give readers proof
See this marvellous Result of Training on the INTERNATIONAL COURSE

H. BROOM
BROOM HALL,
HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE
consists of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser. . . . All steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development. . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting. . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30s. for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1s. per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE. SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/- Weekly.

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career.

To H. BROOM, Holderness Road, Hull.
Please send me a copy of your book "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY" and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, without obligation.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
Please write in Block Letters P.S.

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150 BRANCHES
'Phone Victoria 3348 for address of your nearest branch.

Each Holder has a special nicotine filter, which can be regularly cleaned and purified. Elegant in appearance, strongly made, remarkable *value*. Or *post free* (overseas extra) from our Head Office: 58 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

Get yours today!

THE GENUINE
"BLANCO" Reg.
for
WHITE SHOES

Easy to use, stays white and does not rub off. In 2d. blocks, 3d. tins and also in liquid form 6d. bottles.
Sold everywhere.
2d. & 3d.
Joseph Pickering & Son Ltd. Sheffield

CONTINUING *Straight* from *Paris*

at blister heat, some idea of the conditions can be imagined. Finally, the slightest breeze or draught is liable to disperse the precious steam; it also sends cold shivers up the spines of the half naked, sweating men.

There is a tale told of a "Felt Steamer" who died. Being, as most steamers are, a great sinner, he was, of necessity, cast into the deepest and hottest of all the pits. Time passed and another, whose sins were equally great, entered Hades. Again the asbestos doors were swung open to admit this one to his doom. Immediately the felt steamer, feeling the draught, expostulated.

"Why the double-dot-dash, can't you keep those 'something' doors closed?" he demanded.

All these things Sarah knew, had known almost from her birth, which of course was why, descending at last personally to the steaming room in search of her delayed sample, she stood negligently in the entrance, lightly swinging the door backwards and forwards as she made inquiries.

A gentle breeze, light as a summer zephyr, fanned the fog of blinding steam into wisps and spirals, and, slipping softly under the perspiration-soaked undervests of the workers, caressed their bodies with icy fingers.

Harassed employers may treat designers with kid gloves, but steamers hold respect for neither man nor devil. To a man they told their tormentor exactly where she could go, and just how soon she could start.

It was not the climatic region that Sarah's mission mentors had led her to expect as the reward of a virtuous life, so instead she went, with tightly pursed lips, to interview her employer. Ten minutes later Benn & Son were minus a designer of any sort.

"What we want," observed Philip, "is a slap, bang, up-to-date girl who will get out something entirely different. Something new."

"Well, don't keep stating the obvious," grunted his father. "Any fool knows we want a first-class designer, and anybody but a congenital idiot should also know that they are about as plentiful as pearls in Whitstable oysters."

For a moment Philip glared at his parent with parricide in his eye, then, snatching up a brown, cardboard carton, he moved to the door.

It was some three days later that Amos, hearing the clang of the showroom bell, came charging from his office in his usual impetuous way. In the doorway, in place of the expected, sedate, bowler-hatted buyer, stood a ravishing vision in an expensive fur coat, and a hat which shouted "Paris" from the house-tops.

Benn's gallop dropped to a crawl, past experience told him what to expect. Every hat manufacturer gets these visits from small milliners, who use the weapons of a pretty face and coy approach to wheedle a line of goods out of susceptible, middle-aged wholesalers on much more advantageous terms than they could obtain from the large distributing houses. The correct procedure is a polite, but firm refusal

Benn's first laudable intention was to conform to this sensible business usage, then he caught a glance from a pair of big, violet eyes and his heart sank. He knew his weakness. Everybody knew it, including—unfortunately for Amos—Mrs. Benn. A dazzling smile that disclosed a row of pearly teeth, was reinforced by the faintest whiff of an exotic, subtle perfume, and Benn's good resolutions ebbed from him like a fast receding tide; with them went the last remnants of common sense.

If Amos was at a loss, the newcomer showed no sign of embarrassment. After a quick, comprehensive look round the showroom, she suddenly darted forward and plucked a hat from its pedestal. For a moment she regarded it critically, and then:

"Ugh-'orrible!" Her cupid's-bow mouth formed a *moué* of disgust—like a child viewing a particularly big dose of castor oil. She dropped the hat as if it was red hot and turning to Amos, placed a perfectly gloved hand on his coat lapel. Her eyes, now limpid with commiseration, gazed up into his. The waft of the perfume became stronger. The effect on Amos was devastating; his protest at the insult to his wares died in his throat. The situation was relieved by the crash of the door-bell.

Benn had no need to turn, to recognise the intruder. His son's habit of trying to get through a door without opening it had long been a subject of acrimonious discussion.

Philip advanced a step or so before he noticed the girl. Immediately his hat came off with a deep sweep as he shot out a welcoming hand:

"Ah Lucelle," he exclaimed. "Delighted to see you. I did not expect you until to-morrow."

His father turned in bewilderment: "Do you know this lady?" he asked.

"Why, of course. This is Lucelle—our new designer."

"Our new designer?" Benn's swift glance took in the fur coat and general ensemble, while his brain dealt with financial problems of astronomical proportions.

"Yes, you told me to engage a really tip-top designer."

"I told?"

"Well, we agreed, anyway—and so I went for the best. Lucelle's no promoted workroom girl, but the real thing. Straight from Paris via Regent Street. Aren't you, Lucelle?"

With a demure smile the girl accepted the flattering tribute.

"Of course, Lucelle comes rather expensive," continued Philip, confirming his father's worst fears, "but when one wants the best, one pays for it."

"One? I thought there were two of us in this business, and when it comes to paying I know who is going to do the bigger share," growled Benn. Then his eye dropped to his new employee, who, leaving sordid money matters to the dominating—and paying—male, had turned again to the serried lines of hats.

"Ah well," he said, "If you have given your word we must stand by it. Anyhow, this young lady can't be worse than Sarah Godfrey." His eye brightened at a mental picture of the comparison. Then, in an undertone: "The Lord knows what your mother is going to say, however."

That there was ample room for the manufacturer's fears was a matter unarguable. The combination of a good-looking son in partnership with a far too susceptible father, in an atmosphere so essentially feminine as a ladies hat factory, had only been achieved on the tactic understanding that Mrs. Benn herself was made primarily responsible for the choosing of the staff. The result was that Benn and Son's workrooms possessed the lowest average of pretty faces in a trade famous for the good looks of its female workers. Mrs. Benn, away visiting relatives, had not been yet informed of the defection of the late Sarah.

The new designer possessed the rare and priceless gift of making herself popular with both sexes, for while she flirted outrageously with everything male, from the office boy to the misanthropic Sam Tettering, who had buried three wives, she yet made friends with the entire female staff. Even the prim Miss Simpkins, forewoman of the machinists' room, succumbed to her wiles.

It was a full week before either of the partners had a chance to see a sample of their new designer's skill. When the opportunity did arise the elder man's reactions were mixed.

Ignoring the eulogistic enthusiasms of his offspring, he held a hat at a critical angle: "I admit it's smart," he said. "Question is—is it too smart? We cater more for Rye Lane than Regent Street, you must remember."

That his fears were justified was proved when Doyle, calling to view their early Autumn range, clothed similar sentiments in slightly different words.

"'Pon my word, Benn, you go from one extreme to another." He grumbled, as he cast a disapproving eye at a natty little capeline which the senior partner had optimistically perched on the head of a waxen mannequin. "I won't say that that hat isn't smart. It is—but can you imagine the average housewife, or even a City typist, wearing it?"

He turned sadly away, almost into the arms of Lucelle, who had hurriedly slipped down to the showroom with a new model she had only just designed.

The possessor of both a liver and a nonconformist conscience, the buyer raised inquiring eyebrows as the girl smiled a bewitching greeting. He bowed coldly at Philip's introduction.

It took more than a cold glance to discourage Lucelle however. As soon as she had learned the identity of the stranger:

"Oh; la-la," she exclaimed. "Ze wonderful M'sieur Doyle, for whom I work so hard. You hav' com' to buy all my so preety hats. Yes-No?"

Before the Buyer could correct this obvious misstatement she had darted forward and, snatching the capeline from its insecure resting place, fitted it on her own sleek, dark head.

"Zere!" she said. "Ees he not nice? You tink so?" The big violet eyes gazed up pleadingly.

An honest man, Doyle was forced to admit that the hat suited the wearer to perfection. After all, there is a vast difference between wax and warm, pink flesh. A faint waft of heady perfume assailing his nostrils at this moment brought the realization—not all dismay—that the blood in his veins had not yet turned entirely to ice.

"Mr. Doyle thinks your styles rather too smart for his particular class of trade, Lucelle," interposed Benn.

"But zat is all nonzence," protested the girl. "Et is because you do not give them ze beautiful tings at ze price, zat they cannot vear zem. Give zem ze chance and you vill so soon sell right out." Discarding the capeline she slipped on a wide brimmed flop. "Zere, any gal vould lov' zis. No?"

Knowing he was an old fool, and getting sillier every second, Doyle looked. The violet eyes twinkled roguishly from under their long lashes. Also, it was a very unusual, and fascinating perfume that the chit used, thought the buyer.

If ever there was a man capable of appreciating the sight of a fellow male being lured into the spider's web, that man was Amos Benn. Almost by legerdemain he produced his cigar case.

Doyle knew the immutable law; for a moment or two he struggled weakly, but the effect of a soft green "halo" against the vivid background of Lucelle's dark beauty, spiked his last gun. Finally to complete his discomforture, he allowed the girl, still wearing the halo, to hold the match for his smoke.

A good half hour later, having solicitiously ushered a dazed, but at present still unrepentant, Doyle from his showroom, Amos turned to the smiling girl.

"The biggest order we have ever taken from Lion Ticket, and I used to kid myself I was a salesman. Lucelle you are a marvel." He patted her affectionately on the shoulder.

"AMOS!"

Benn leaped round on his heels like a startled mustang.

Framed in the doorway of his office stood a tall, grey-haired woman. Her eyes were like flint while her mouth was just one thin line as she regarded the tableau of father, son and—girl.

"That's done it," groaned Benn to himself, not daring to break a silence which could be felt.

It was Lucelle herself who relieved the tension. With a little glad cry and outstretched arms, she ran forward:

"Why, it's Mrs. Benn," she exclaimed, dropping her accent like a discarded cloak. "Don't you remember me? Little Lucelle?"

For a moment the elder woman looked puzzled, then, suddenly, the cold severity of her eye changed to pleased recognition.

"Surely it can't be little Lucelle Kinnard whose people went to France. Let me see. It must be ten years ago? What a pretty girl you have grown to be, my dear, and how is your dear mother? Come into Mr. Benn's office, child, and tell me all about yourself." She placed a protecting arm across the girl's shoulders as she led her away.

For a second or so father and son looked at each other, and although their lips were silent, their eyes spoke volumes, then: "Women ain't always what they seem, my lad," said Benn. "You'll find that out when you grow older—very much older."

Middle-Aged Tired Feeling

is probably due to Acid Stomach

Nearly all men, and women too, at about the age of 40 begin to suffer more or less with acidity which gives rise to the varied symptoms of dyspepsia. Food causes flatulence and possibly pain. You lose tone and suffer from physical and mental weariness which shakes your self-confidence and makes you imagine that old age is overtaking you.

Your doctor would tell you to dismiss the thought and banish the trouble by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' to sweeten your sour stomach. He would also assure you that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and soothing to the stomach.

'Milk of Magnesia' restores the normal activity of the gastric juice so that the digestion of food proceeds easily, without disturbance.

The effect of 'Milk of Magnesia' in neutralizing acidity is marvellous. With good digestion regained, most of the "pep" you think you've lost will quickly return. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take a little after meals.

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity).

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS, *1/- per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

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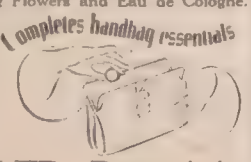
The man she loved and won.

A very eligible bachelor was he! Yet though many more beautiful girls in her set unashamedly pursued him, it was to her subtle charm that he finally succumbed. And she herself will be the first to admit how much she owes to Aziadé (pronounced Azi-r-day)—the clever new perfume all smart moderns are using.

It comes in a tiny compact that's easily slipped into a corner of one's handbag. Consisting of the highly-concentrated essences of freshly-picked flowers, Aziadé is economical. A single touch surrounds you with fragrance for hours, and, of course, there's no bottle to break or liquid to spill or evaporate. Choose Aziadé in your favourite perfume from the following: Jasmine, Violet, Lilac, Carnation, Chypre, Gardenia, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Mimosa, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Narcissus, Santal, Wallflower, Spring Flowers and Eau de Cologne. Obtainable from Boots, Taylors and all good chemists and hairdressers, price 2/6 and 1/6 (small size 1/-), or direct post free from



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LOST 44lb FAT *IN NINE WEEKS*

A LABOURER, who was a victim to excessive obesity in spite of his laborious occupation, began

MAXALDING

on February 11th, 1936. His weight was then 16 st. 11 lb. on March 12th he reported a reduction of 25 lb. On April 14th he wrote as follows:—

"I am very glad to tell you that this time I have lost 19 lb. in weight, and I have lost a total of 3 st. 2 lb. Now I am seeing a great difference in my health, etc. I now weigh 13 st. 9 lb."

TESTIMONIAL AND FACTS GUARANTEED UNDER FORFEIT OF £50 TO THIS PAPER

MR. JAMES EVANS

whose glorious physique is shown herewith, wrote in 1929: "Having tried other systems without much success, I decided to enrol as a Maxalding pupil—if it had not been for the careful manner in which you conducted my training, I should still have been in the queue."

SEVEN YEARS LATER

a report by the Editor of "H. & S.", issue dated May 2nd, 1936, runs: "I want particularly to pay a personal tribute to one item ***which left even an old hand like myself tremendously impressed.*** This was the performance of James Evans in muscle-control and acrobatics—his muscle-control exhibition is probably the finest in the world to-day. The 'controls' he is able to effect are real muscle ***controls*** not simply muscular poses—while the ease with which this athlete performs such feats as the flag, one-hand planches, etc. cannot but augment the claim that is made that he is ***the world's most versatile athlete at his weight.***"

Thank you Mr. Editor, and may I add that his great feats are the result of his great control, taught at great pains by A. M. Saldo. This tardy recognition is gratefully appreciated.

INVESTIGATE MAXALDING

By Postcard, Letter or Coupon. When Coupon is used, kindly delete the unnecessary items and post it, together with the following particulars, to Mr. Saldo: Name, Address, Age and Occupation.

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Send me, free of postage or liability, your 20,000-words illustrated explanatory treatise:—

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Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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June 6, 1936

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

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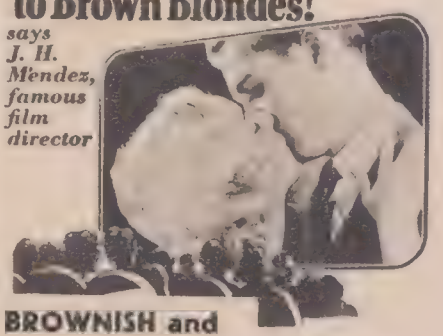

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Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or mousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Stā-blond, the wonderful new shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2-4 *shades lighter*, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde's sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

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Banishes Bronchial Asthma and Hay Asthma For Ever

Mr. John Houben, who will gladly send Free Instant Relief and offer a Guaranteed Freedom from Asthma to all sufferers who post the form below or call upon him at Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

RECENTLY an Australian business man visited London and called on Mr. John Houben, the managing director of Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben, the well-known Manufacturing Chemists. In the course of conversation he said that he was struck with the prevalence of Asthma in this country, and made the positive statement that if English people knew how easily Asthma may be permanently banished, they would not be continually buying Medicine to ward off Asthmatic attacks, but would end their Asthma at once.

Inquiry elicited the startling fact that he had in his possession a formula which had not only completely banished his own Asthma, but also that of every former Asthma sufferer to whom he had given it.

Because this gentleman has extensive interests in Australia and was anxious to return, at the same time being desirous of helping English Asthma sufferers to shake off the shackles of this distressing complaint, he entrusted to Mr. Houben the formula of his amazing discovery.

PERMANENT FREEDOM FROM ASTHMA

Unlike many preparations which are designed to afford relief but which cannot permanently banish Asthma, this Three-Fold discovery not only gives instant relief, but builds up the resisting powers of the body, thus making for permanent freedom from Asthma.

Asthma, according to modern research Authorities, is not a disease in itself, but is simply a symptom of vasomotor instability.

Under the influence of this remarkable New Three-Fold discovery, the small bronchial tubes are relieved of their congestion . . . the sympathetic fibres constituting the vasomotor system readily respond to the absorption of Nerve Nutrients . . . the poisonous waste matter is expelled from the blood . . . the bodily resistance is increased . . . the natural functioning of every organ is restored.

Mr. Houben knows how sceptical the average Asthma sufferer must be. He has, therefore, decided on a means of convincing every interested person that the New Three-Fold discovery is entirely new, different and lastingly effective.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF

for

READERS WHO POST FORM BELOW

Guaranteed Freedom from Choking Spasms—Gasping for Breath—Wheeziness and all other Asthmatic Symptoms

GENUINE FREE TRIAL

He will send to every reader of this announcement who applies on the form at the foot hereof :—

1. A **free trial** of the New Three-Fold discovery which will give **instant relief** even in the worst cases of Asthma. He will also send :
2. Full details of his undertaking to permanently banish the trouble without asking the sufferer to incur the slightest financial risk.

NO MORE ASTHMA

No matter where you live or what your age or occupation may be, if you have suffered a lifetime, tried everything you could hear of without getting permanent benefit, even if you have been utterly discouraged, do not give up hope but accept Mr. Houben's offer at once. Immediately you are free of Asthma, you will gain in health and vitality. Your body will become strong—your eyes will brighten—your face will lose that haggard, worn look—your appetite will improve and you will feel better—brighter and more optimistic with an entirely new outlook on life.

If you earnestly desire to say goodbye for ever to distressing and heart-weakening night attacks, wheezing, and gasping for breath, interrupted sleep and suffering, you are strongly advised to write your name and address in the form below and post it to Mr. Houben. Send the form now.

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Mr. JOHN HOUBEN. Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me trial supply of your new Three-Fold Asthma Discovery, and offer to permanently banish the trouble.

NAME .....

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.
Passing Show, 6/6/36

I was in a fever. A dozen times I made up my mind and changed it.

I USED to be really superstitious. I never walked under ladders. I used to be really afraid to see the new moon through glass. The sight of a black cat crossing my path was as good as a tonic to me; and all this was until a very few weeks ago.

Now I am cured beyond all possible reinfection. I am the luckiest person alive. It happened like this.

Like a good many other people, I am fond of a mild flutter on horses or dogs. I have made a little from time to time, and I have lost a good bit more. I do not profess to know the first thing about either animals—at least from the racing side, but I get hunches; and when I get a hunch nothing will—or rather *would* stop me backing it. My hunches very often turned out to be correct.

Well, after several years of mild excitement, putting on a few shillings, and watching the evening papers, I was really convinced that I was born under a lucky star. I still believe that, but for a very different reason now! I thought to myself "If I can do this on a small scale, why not on a large one?" I began to lose interest in the "tame" business of horses passing winning posts, and I watched the "story between the lines" of rising and falling markets.

I heard fascinating stories of men who walked into the City of London with no more than five pounds in their pockets—and walked out again, after a few months, worth hundreds of thousands. I had visions of being just such a one myself. I began in a small way.

I wonder if there is anything on earth so thrilling as to pick up the telephone, and to hear the broker's voice say "They are now standing at thirty-two. There's some very heavy dealing going on. Of course, I don't know what will happen in the street. The market's just closing!"

And then, in the morning, the paper shows the previous night's closing price at thirty. You hold a hundred shares. You have, overnight, lost ten pounds. But never mind! By noon they have climbed to thirty-five. You bought them at twenty-eight. You are now making twenty pounds. To sell—or not to sell? To be content—or greedy? It is a fever. It is worse than the worst fever. Another ten minutes may make you a further twenty pounds—or lose you fifty. That is the beginning. Some people get on farther than that. Some retire. Some learn the bitter lesson.

There is no excuse for having to learn the lesson. The smallest amount of common sense should tell the biggest "mug" that he hasn't got a hope—*outside sheer luck*—of putting one across the men who really know. But still they go on. So did I.

After buying small lots of shares, and making small profits and small losses, I began to feel confident. I plunged. Fortune smiled on me. I was mildly successful. The money was easy. Too easy, and not only was it easy, but it afforded the most delicious of all thrills and excitement.

Buy "steels" at twenty shillings. In a week's time—so you hear from your "inside information"—they will be at thirty. Buy two hundred and you will make £100. Buy 200 . . .

What about the other side of the picture? What if they fall to ten shillings? Ah! But they won't. They *can't*. And if they don't, confidence increases a hundred-fold. Next time it is five hundred.

So it was with me when I received my "hottest" tip. Things had been running well.

"Buy Lions" (I must call them that) said my friend. "Buy as many as you can possibly afford—and then still buy some more."

As many as I could possibly afford—and then still some more! Lions were at 2s. 6d. Five years ago they had been £10. I wondered.

At the end of a week I was still wondering. The shares had not moved, but there was no immediate hurry. One pound would buy me eight Lions. A hundred pounds would buy me eight hundred. I had three hundred pounds to spare. Two thousand four hundred Lions!

The idea gripped me. Why stop at two thousand four hundred? Why not ten thousand? Why not twenty thousand?

I looked at the evening paper. Lions were at ten shillings that Friday. I had missed the boat. Supposing I had bought. If only I had bought twenty thousand. Twenty thousand seven-and-sixpences in one day!

It was too much for me. But they had begun to move. They would keep on moving. I was certain of it. Why? I just don't know.

By the Saturday night I was in a fever. A dozen times I made up my mind to "go the whole hog." A dozen times I funked it. If it came off? If? I could sit back and smile. If it didn't—well, I should be sunk—sunk without trace.

By Sunday afternoon I could think of nothing else but Lions. I worked it all out a thousand times; and then, just

LUCKY *Lions*

as I was wavering for the thousand and first time, it happened.

I was walking along a road where I had never been before. I was hardly looking where I was going. If someone had asked me the time, I believe I should have said "Lions!" Something made me look up. I stopped; and a strange tingling ran all up and down my spine. In front of me was an enormous house. On top of its two magnificent gate-posts were two of the biggest lions I had ever seen; and underneath, in letters of gold, "The Lions."

That did it. I could hardly wait for Monday morning. But if *only* I had done it before. Still, again no crying. Make up for lost time. The moment the market opened I 'phoned up my broker.

"Thirty thousand Lions!" I said.

He was a bit doubtful. I don't blame him. If I came unstuck he would take a toss with me. But he said O.K., and I sat back in my chair—limp with nervousness.

The real shock came ten minutes later. He called me back to tell me he had bought at 9s. 6d. I gulped, tried to sound normal, and thanked him. They had moved up a further two shillings. I was committed for fourteen thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds!

If those shares fell one shilling—and failed to rise before the close of the account—I was poorer to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds. If they fell two shillings before I had time to sell out—well, my life insurance would just about pay the bill!

At mid-day the telephone rang. Lions had climbed to ten shillings. By closing time they were at twelve and sixpence. I was making four thousand five hundred pounds. My broker said twice, "I can sell for you at 12s. 6d."

I said: "Why? Hang on until they reach fifteen."

The next morning they opened at eleven and ninepence. Triumph changed to horrible doubt. By mid-day they were at eleven and three-halfpence.

I couldn't sell then. I couldn't bring myself to. Then the tide turned again. Back they went to 11s. 6d., a shilling less than I could have made on every one of my shares—and I had already made up my mind not to be silly a second time. But the news was too reassuring. What a lifetime I should spend, kicking myself, if I sold and they went up to fifteen. I hung on. They went on to twelve shillings.

I cannot begin to tell you the relief I felt. I was sitting on top of the world. They had to fall two and sixpence before I started to lose money.

I had everything to gain, and then I had my inspiration.

What made me think of it, I don't know. It was just one of those things that happen. I remembered the house called the Lions. I got into a taxi and drove round there.

An elderly butler answered the door. I asked to see the owner.

"Mr. Robinson is just finishing dinner, sir," he said. "Will you please wait?"

And after a while Mr. Robinson came into the room, a dignified old man, very much at home in his wealthy surroundings. What did I want?

And I told him everything. How his house had been my inspiration. How I owed everything to the two Lions on the gate-posts. Everything.

For quite a while he said nothing. And then:

"How very peculiar; and you have come round here to thank me. How very, very peculiar."

I smiled. I was feeling very much a man of the world at that moment, and the next moment I went spinning into the depths.

"My boy," he said gravely, "I know it is not my business to tell you what you are doing. But have you really thought of the risk you are taking?"

"Of course," I said, and I muttered the old, old platitude about "nothing venture, nothing win."

He shook his head. "And do you realise what it means to you—not only to you—if you lose?"

"Lose? After a 'hunch' like that?" I said.

"A hunch," he said. "And you risked all that on a hunch. Do you want some sound advice?"

"Yes," I said politely; having not the slightest intention of taking it, for I knew what it would be.

"Well, sell those shares first thing to-morrow morning. Sell at whatever they fetch. Be happy that you have made a profit."

I smiled.

"Your hunch, as you call it, was not a hunch at all," he said.

"And why not?" I asked.

"The luckiest thing you ever did was to come round to me. I can only hope you realise your luck."

"But why? What do you mean?" I said. And I will admit that I felt a dreadful sinking feeling at that moment.

"Do you know why this house is called 'The Lions'?" he asked. "I will tell you. Five years ago this house was number fifty-three. It had no name. I rented it. I, too, used to speculate in those days. I, too, bought some Lions!

"Lions reached ten pounds a share," he continued. "I had several hundred thousand of them. I sold them. Not through any 'hunch'," he added with a smile, "but because I knew what was going on. Two days later Lions were down to a few shillings.

"I made my fortune out of Lions. It was my wife's idea to put the lions on the gate. It was a joke. If she had known how nearly we went under we should never have laughed about it." He paused. "So that much for your hunch!" he said.

I thanked him and a little later left feeling very, very sheepish. There was none of the 'man of the world' about me then. I was so worried that I could not sleep.

And if I had known all that was going on while I tossed on my self-made bed, I wonder whether I could have waited for the morning.

For the bottom fell out of Lions for the second time. They are still quoted in the closing prices. They are still about 2s. 6d.—sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. I was lucky. They had not fallen quite that far before I sold. I cleared exactly twopence per share, and I didn't deserve that.

I am cured of "hunches." I can only hope that my experience may shake the faith of others like me—if ever they feel that a coincidence will put them in a palace with King Midas!

True Life Stories

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

C.C.5156

AS THEY SAY ON THE WAY TO THE STATION:

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

Your hairdresser knows that using Nestlé ColoRinse after every shampoo greatly enhances the natural colour sheen of your hair. This wonderful treatment is sold by leading chemists and hairdressers, who know the regular use of ColoRinse gives a wonderful colour brilliance to all types of hair, without being either a dye or a bleach.

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6d PER PACKET CONTAINING 2 HAIR BEAUTY TREATMENTS
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A NEW TOOTH POWDER

For many years Pepsodent Tooth Paste has been well known to our readers. Now comes Pepsodent Tooth Powder for those who prefer to clean their teeth with powder.

Pepsodent Tooth Powder is entirely new. It contains a new polishing and a new cleansing agent never before used in a tooth powder. It contains no soap yet *foams*. It possesses a pleasant invigorating flavour and contains nothing harmful to teeth.

You can try either Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Powder by filling in the Coupon on page 27.

A CLEAN STOMACH NEVER CAUSES PAIN

You can always tell when your hands or face want washing—by looking. But how can you tell when your stomach has become unclean by undigested food setting up nauseous gas or wind? Only by Nature's wireless—pain.

A clean stomach never causes pain. So heed Nature's warning that your stomach needs the soothing, cleansing, healing influence of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to rid it of impurities. If you leave them unchecked they will create acid to eat into your stomach lining, and the result may be agonising gastric or duodenal ulcers, requiring the costly and painful application of the surgeon's knife.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the "signature" brand—keeps the stomach sweet and healthy because it is compounded to a formula that has been recognised for years as the most efficacious stomach treatment ever prescribed.

Prevention is better than cure. Keep your stomach clean with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. But be sure you really do get the powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose.

Rub away Aches & Pains

The discomfort of strained and aching muscles after unaccustomed exercise will melt away in the healing glow of a VOLATOL rub. The painful swelling is due to congestion. *A VOLATOL rub sinks deep and spreads wide.* Stimulates circulation and sweeps out the stiffness. Your aches will be gone by morning once VOLATOL sets about them. Remember this when you groan at the thought of using your muscles again!

VOLATOL

TAKES PAINS

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, TIGHT CHESTS, RHEUMATISM, ETC

Of Chemists, 9d and 2/-. Thos. Kerfoot & Co., Ltd.

FREE to EVERY READER

Professor Carne's personal message to every reader of "Passing Show," irrespective of age or sex, who is desirous of increasing height and effecting an all-round improvement in general physical condition is straight and to the point. He says: "I *know* that I can help you to grow taller, to improve your physique and to benefit your general health beyond anything you have thought possible. I have made good this promise in thousands of cases, and I will make it good in yours also. I hold a mass of unimpeachable evidence—signed and unsolicited reports—which would completely convince the most sceptical. The few specimens here published are sufficient to indicate the amazing success I have obtained. Fill in the coupon below and post to me. You will receive free the Six valuable Books by return of post. PERCIVAL CARNE.

Read these Striking Reports

Typical of Many Hundreds Received

2½ INCHES TALLER AND MUCH STRONGER

Miss E. D., Hereford, writes:—"Thank you very much for second lot of lessons. I have grown 2½ inches, and I am much stronger than I was."

3 INCHES TALLER—ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT. AGE 20 YEARS 6 MONTHS.

Mr. A. D. W., Wolsingham, Co. Durham, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the wonderful improvement I have gained in stature and girth of chest as well as all-round development, for since starting your course I have gained 3 inches in height and increased my chest measurement by 4 inches, and it is with much pleasure that I look forward for the receipt of your next set of exercises."

3½ INCHES TALLER—AGE 24 YEARS. LOOKS THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

Mr. J. L., Scarborough, writes:—"My height has increased by 3½ inches in all, and I am still keeping on with the exercises. I am now as sound as a bell and look the picture of health. Your course stands well above any other that I know, and it certainly does all you claim it to do."

NAVAL MAN'S TRIBUTE. OVER 6 FT. 6 IN. TALL (AGED 21)

Mr. A. J., Herne Bay, writes, August 29, 1935:—"I am now a giant of over 6 ft. 6 in., and often tell my people how I do my Carne Exercises, which I possess to date. I am eating more food than two men. I am the tallest man in the town to-day. I grew a lot during your course of exercises. I have a splendid photo of Percival Carne, which I often show to my friends, and they are all sure it was your splendid lessons that have made me the man I am to-day."

Send for Yours To-day on This Special Form.

To PERCIVAL CARNE, "ARLINGTON," RHIWBINA, CARDIFF, S.W.

I would like to know how to increase my height and improve my health and physique. Please send me your free Books on the subject.

NAME.....

(Please state Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

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Enclose 2d. stamp for postage. Passing Show 6.6.36

PERHAPS ONLY BISHOPS, pet cats, and actors are happier than those pleasant folk who spend their days thinking of things that should be changed, of what they would do—heaven forbid it!—if they became dictators, or even members of the parish council.

Those wise men who have spent the last few centuries debating on the merits of day-dreaming might sing a different song if they sat in the turbulent stream of our mail and saw what steams our correspondents and makes them leap with passion.

Maybe some of their ideas came into the world to the tune of soft sweet music (a dulcet twittering among the bats in certain belfries), but now they are professionally attractive only to the undertaker, even though they still breathe faintly when shot into unsuspecting pillar boxes. Sufficient unto the day is the phenomenon before us; an old-fashioned mother who, in protesting against the terrible behaviour of modern young women and senior schoolgirls, believes that instead of "lines," detentions, expulsions and discrediting reports, school ma'ams should instil good manners into their pupils by "frequent and sometimes severe use of the cane."

"I have tried," she says, "to have each of my three daughters transferred to a school where the cane *is* used frequently and severely, but there is always a long waiting list. This proves how popular is the cane-using headmistress with both the pupils and their parents. These girls are happier than those at other schools, even though I have sometimes seen them rubbing and shaking and showing their hands to their friends and nodding feelingly to other parts.

"My own girls have had many severe canings from their father and from myself across their hands and across their legs. They will probably continue to have such canings until they are twenty-one.

"They are most respectful and affectionate and we are the best of friends. They are as proud of us as we are of them."

THIS IS THAT YEAR of grace nineteen hundred and thirty-six. We are, it is believed by many people, including politicians, on the way to being civilised, yet there is still a gentle old lady in Croydon who stands on a soap-box with a cane in her hand, urging us to beat our daughters. Let us gaze with all humility just for a fleeting second on this the most pitiable of human creatures, the parent who thinks she can win affection, even respect, by elemental torture. And then the reverend clergy, old maids and other religious orders fondly wonder why the daughters of such a mother fall easy prey to vagrant thoughts and gipsy fancies, to musicians, commercial travellers, and other dreadful fellows.

Less barbarous but equally provocative are the thoughts of Jerry Reynolds, who is surprisingly enough left with his logical powers unimpaired even though he lives in Bournemouth. His mission in life is

Urging us to beat our daughters.

You're Telling Us!

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

defending the "pithy Americanisms" that are being introduced into our language.

"The English language," says Jerry, "isn't sacrosanct. It is already so much of a mongrel that a few more mixtures won't damage its fibre. A living language must grow, expand and alter in form. We reverence mere words when it is the idea behind the words that matters. Any word is good that expresses an idea vividly and briefly.

"A poetical thought should be poetically expressed, but I feel sure that Shakespeare, greatest of all poets, would have no objection to using a few neat Americanisms if he came back. He would probably rewrite his 'Forward into the breach, dear friends' as 'Okay, let's go.' And the play would not suffer. Thanks to the cinema, more and more 'international' words are being used, and perhaps in the fulness of time people of all nations will be able to understand each other without the aid of interpreters and laboriously learned lessons. When that happens there will be a little more 'peace on earth.'"

OKAY, JERRY; let's scram; but before you take to "them dawgs o' yours," get this into that "fat baloney of a head piece you hang your hat on"—there's more beauty in an empty railway carriage or in the sordid light of a lamp on a common lodging-house staircase than there is in all this staccato nonsense that gives you such palpitations as it flows from the lips of the screen vamp, whose voice is about as musical as a nutmeg grater in action.

And listen here, wise guy, if you start using those vivid phrases you are so pleased about, you'll find the polizie of every so-called civilised land grilling the original sin out of you. Stick to the lingo of Bournemouth, Jerry; it'll get you no place but it's safe—and it is English, old boy.

"Pithy Americanisms."

WE HAVE FROM time to time devised many heavy jocosities at the expense of those willowy females who spend their days behind wire entanglements, doing their best to ruin the good work of the Post Office Public Relations Officer. Even Mr. R. D. Williams, of Fallowfield, Manchester, has realised that there is no place like a cage for such women.

He wonders in what variety of soil are grown the Post Office assistants. "Surely the land must be of a sour, clayey nature," he says, "in the districts in which the Post Office raises from seed to seedlings, thence to plants, the austere blondes and brunettes it plants behind its counters to gaze scornfully on the meek and grateful citizens who offer to pay hard-earned pence for stamps and the what-nots of the postal trade.

"These young ladies seem to have been reared on acid-drops. They regard the people who barge into their sanctums while they are discussing affairs of State and powdering their noses, as nit-wits, even bores. They confer stamps on you as though they were queens giving you the Order of the Bathtub. Is it something in their blood?"

MANY A MILLION stamps have drifted through the barbed wire entanglements since we ceased to wonder at the frigid gaze that met our requests for the Old Age Pension; when the macabre horror of feeling that glassy-eyed gaze on our unworthy person ceased to be thrilling, we took to watching gold-fish whose emotional reactions are the same. As a mere yokel we hate to see what people are thinking of us; they are usually right.

From Post Office figures, let us pass to the figure nine, whose sinuous curves have captivated Robert Lock, of Exmouth. When you multiply nine by two you get eighteen, says friend Robert. Add the one and eight and you have nine. If you multiply by three you have twenty-seven; here again the two and the seven make nine. Multiplication by four makes no difference. And you get the same result if you multiply by five, six, seven, eight, nine—and ten. Better stop here, for multiplication by eleven has got me beat; still, he's a funny figure, this fellow nine.

We'll say he is, and now, Robert, are you coming quietly, before they start throwing things at you?

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

1. Quadrilaterally shaped.
2. Here's comfort.
3. Little poems to be sung.
4. Well! Well! Here's double measure.
5. Rope tread (anagram).
6. Naive cit is quiescent.
7. Curtail and reverse 33 for this.
8. May be 37 with grapes.
9. Thus one is formally charged.
10. Man of vision.
11. Puts things together.
14. Not wholly pewter.
16. She may be located in 35.
18. Something prolific here.
21. John across the border.
24. Appropriated.
25. Spot. Probably a little one.
27. Moved quickly.
29. A form of comfort minus a card gives this.
30. Not appropriate.
32. Occurrence with lady already mentioned.
34. Stertorous sound.
36. Not quite dense.
38. This for this was the old law.
39. Where many go in summer time.
40. Seek this in 38 clue.
43. 29 curtailed.
44. Negative prefix.
45. Hidden in 31.
46. Only half hold.

CLUES ACROSS

1. For bonds or sinners.
8. Demanded at frontiers.
12. This greeting may be icy.
13. Supposed in pedantic style.
15. Lo rest for the groom.
17. Dated ten to have been present.
19. Livingstone and Stanley did.
20. Necessity of speech.
22. Wires in these falls
23. Tide tear (anagram).
26. Only a notion.
28. Not a friendly feeling.
31. Box possibly for treasures or trinkets.
33. Extract music from 39.
35. Smoothed we might say.
37. Scarcely leaden, but may seem so to bearer.
39. Dates may be this, as were some of the prophets.
41. This with 46 for a bottle of rum.
42. Piscatorial slippery Sam.
43. Her lah bus (anagram).
47. Doing 11 results in these.

A	C	I	D		B	E	E	F	E	A	T	E	R	
P		N	E	G	U	S		O	R	B		I	T	
P	R	E	P	O	S	T	E	R	O	U	S		T	O
E	A	S	T		A	N		S	T	A	K	E	S	
A	S	T	H	M	A	T	I	C		S	W	I	S	H
R		I		O	M	E	G	A		S	O			
A	I	M	E	D		S	M	U	T	S		S	P	A
N		A	L	E	S		A	S	H		S	K	I	P
C	O	B	B	L	E		T	E	E		U	S	E	R
E		L	O	S	E		I		W	A	R		E	
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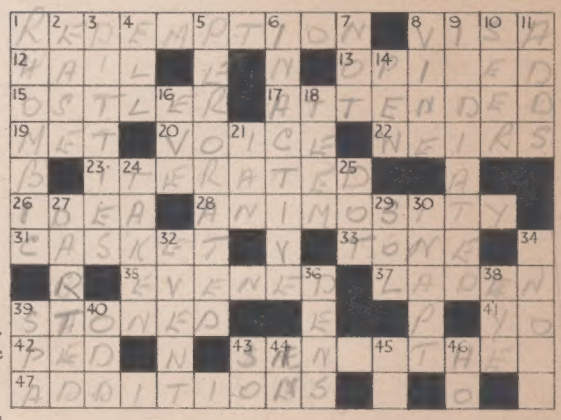
Solution of last week's puzzle.



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A4

JOHN BULL

invites every reader of the

PASSING SHOW

to its

30TH BIRTHDAY

Celebration

THIS week—in the issue just out—"John Bull" Celebrates its 30th Birthday with a wonderful Free Presentation to its readers—something thrilling and entirely new—*Free!*

And because "John Bull" is a sister paper to "The Passing Show" it publishes below a *Special Invitation* to every "Passing Show" reader to share in this unique Free Presentation.

All you have to do is to cut out the INVITATION below and send it in without delay, together with the Free Presentation Form which appears in the 30th Birthday Number of "John Bull" just out. You will then be entitled to participate in "John Bull's" celebration surprise to every reader.

The demand for "John Bull" just out is tremendous. If you want to accept this Invitation in time to join in the greatest Free Presentation of its kind ever known you are advised to get your copy of "John Bull" immediately—before it is too late.

Cut out your Invitation now—get "John Bull" and act at once.

JOHN BULL

30th Birthday Celebration

Invitation

THIS INVITATION, if sent in by you, *together with* the Free Presentation Form which appears in the issue of "John Bull"—just out—entitles you as a reader of "The Passing Show" to participate in "John Bull's" Great 30*th Birthday Presentation.*

Get your copy of "John Bull" to-day and share in the greatest Free Presentation of its kind ever made—something really unique and worthy of a great event.

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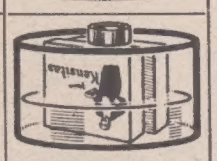
2	He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

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